The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

What the French Default Means to the World

IN THE COLD GRAY DAWN of a December morning French Deputies cheer wildly.

Edouard Herriot and his Cabinet quietly fold up their papers and walk out preliminary to resigning office.

Outside on the streets hundreds of French war veterans shout and cheer, hug each other in a delirium of joy, and form into a spontaneous parade.

France, in the words of her own defeated Premier, has flaunted a solemn obligation, has gambled with the national honor, has risked national isolation, has endangered every present and contemplated plan for international cooperation.

France has done more than merely refuse to pay $19,261,432 due the United States on Thursday, December 15, under the terms of the Mellon-Berenger agreement.

She has made the date December 15, 1932, almost as fateful in history as that August, 1914, when Germany outraged Belgian neutrality to bring about her own eventual defeat by the armed strength of the rest of the western world. At least so our most thoughtful press writers conclude, as they see the whole fabric of international cooperation trembling in the balance.

Surprize at France's default, after a rather general feeling that she would pay at the last minute with whatever reservations she thought necessary, leads first to sharp denunciation and then to editorial reflection that perhaps it is a good time to keep cool. In Washington there seems to be more disappointment than resentment, altho there is plenty of the latter. Correspondents feel that Congress now can not help seeing the necessity for revision negotiations in order to keep the entire war-debt structure from going by the board.

Wide World

"You Are Wrong"

Cried Premier Herriot, pleading against default. "You are going to ruin our entente with Britain, you are going to ruin the Lausanne settlement, you are going to prevent our standing on an equal footing with Britain in joint action later on. For 480,000,000 francs, gentlemen, you are going to ruin all that."

IN official, editorial, and popular opinion, Britain gains popularity as France loses. But there are occasional predictions that when France gets over the present spasm of patriotic fervor she will pay this instalment as a preliminary to revision. And reflective editors even point out that there is a French case, and compare Premier Herriot's position before a hostile Chamber of Deputies, thinking first of the French taxpayer, to President Hoover's before an unsympathetic Congress thinking first of the American taxpayer. For Herriot there is a burst of editorial applause.

And, indeed, even his foes in the French Chamber were moved by that speech of an hour and a half, ending at four o'clock in the morning, in which Herriot admitted that France ought not to pay, that the United States had no business to ask her to pay in view of the world-wide depression, the Hoover moratorium, and the Lausanne commitments, but that France should not break her word. In a torrent of Gallic eloquence, the stocky, sixty-year-old Premier told the Deputies that the refusal to pay less than $20,000,000 would jeopardize the payment of four hundred times that much owed to France.

"You are overthrowing me," Herriot cried later—"so be it! I accept my fate, defending the interest of my country to honor its signature."

THAT France has lost standing among the nations is a conclusion reached by many of our editors and representatives in Congress. "Unjustified" and "ridiculous," Senator Hiram Johnson calls France's attitude. Senate Majority Leader Watson declares that France "has been guilty of the basest ingratitude and national dishonor." Senator McKellar, an outspoken opponent of debt-reduction, calls the French default "the most ungrateful act in the career of any nation in the world." Certainly, says Congressman Hawley (Rep. Ore.), "it will not increase the United States' love for France."

"In American eyes France has made a star-spangled spectacle of herself," declares the Sioux City *Tribune* in the heart of the Middle West—

"There will come another 'der tag' in Europe and it will require more than an indirect threat to American interests to send our doughboys to French soil again. There will be no more Château-Thierrys."

"France has branded herself a deadbeat," crisply observes the Denver *Post*. The Sacramento *Bee* asks: "How can the obvious determination of France to refuse payment on a just debt be squared with any conception of honor whatsoever?" The Minneapolis *Journal* can not help reflecting that "the whole history of Franco-American debt relations is marked by dodging on the

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Chicago, Ill., and Columbus, O. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Volume 114. Number 26. Whole Number 2227. Subscription Price $4.00 per year.

TABLE OF CONTENTS ON PAGE 31

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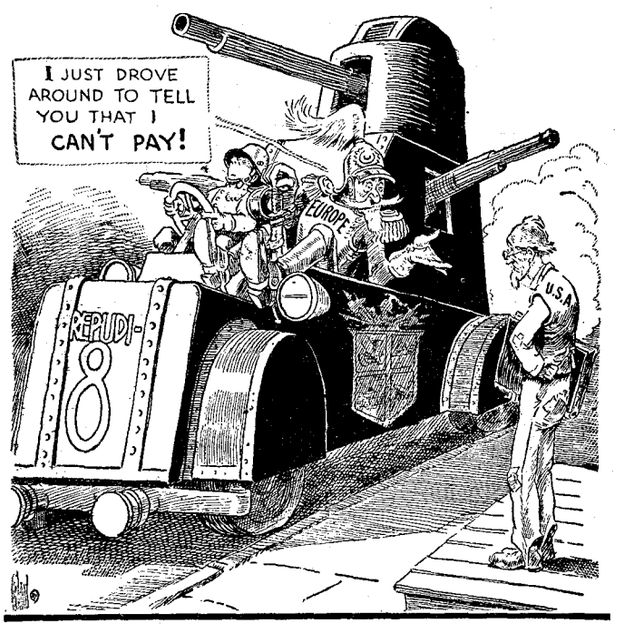
part of France." "Preposterous antics," is the phrase the Chicago *Daily News* uses to describe recent French actions. "France's Treaty Mere Scrap of Paper," is the head-line of a Philadelphia *Inquirer* editorial.

France and Belgium by defaulting "have thoroughly muddied the waters," and, in the opinion of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "are occupying the seat of hate formerly occupied by Germany." For a paltry $19,000,000, the Kansas City *Star* reflects, France is so penny-wise and pound-foolish that "she is willing to alienate the nation that once saved her national life, and on which she might have to call in the future." "The French Parliament has made its bed," says the Washington *Evening Star;* "it will be the disposition of the United States Government and the



Another Fellow Keeping Up a Great Big Car

—Ireland in the Columbus "Dispatch."

American people to let France lie in it and to let her accept whatever consequences logically follow the choice she has made."

"There is no machinery to enforce collection," the Topeka *State Journal* is only one of many dailies to recall, and it concludes that "if we simply will remain stedfast in our debt policy, France will probably find unbearable the isolated position that she has prepared for herself."

The misfortune that is bound to come to France from this default would not, in the opinion of the Washington *Post*, "result from vindictive action by Americans, but from the collapse of French credit, the repudiation of debts owed to France by other countries, and the political consequences of universal distrust of French undertakings."

But others, while believing that "France has done a foolish thing," agree with the New York *World-Telegram* that "it is up to us to keep our heads and not make a bad matter worse." In this journal's opinion, "without condoning France's serious error, we can admit the sincerity of many of the French," and "we can understand why they should be offended when the United States in effect slammed the door of discussion in their faces." "Political cowardice on both sides of the ocean" is the way the Philadelphia *Record* sizes it all up. And the Des Moines *Register* is only one of a number of dailies which thinks "it is fair to recognize that the French Parliament has as great a right to be mulish and unreasonable in refusing to meet the payment as the American Congress has to be mulish and unreasonable in refusing even to consider reexamination of the whole problem."

Returning to the Washington scene we find a very general tendency, in spite of the vigorous remarks already quoted, to wait and see what will happen. Most responsible officials and many Congressional leaders are guarded and non-committal in their utterances. President Hoover is expected to propose some sort of commission, either Congressional or purely executive, to study the debt problem. President-elect Roosevelt will be able to start the direct negotiations with individual debtors which he contemplates, after March 4. Congressional opinion is said to be leaning more toward reconsideration of the debts. This is reported due in part to the realization that the debtor nations were not bluffing when they said that they would not or could not pay. It is due also to the fact that the British by paying and asking for adjustment before another instalment date, have won general approval and admission of the strength of their case.

In general, we gather from the dispatches, the French press and public opinion support the action of the Chamber of Deputies in turning down the Herriot plan of paying first and talking afterward, in favor of the policy of making no payment until the United States agrees to reconsider the whole debt settlement. *L'Intransigeant* flatly asserts that "the refusal to pay represents a triumph of logic and good sense." On the other hand, the financial *L'Information*, in an editorial cabled to The Literary Digest, deplores the default:

"In such a grave affair the Government should not be a slave of the Chamber of Deputies. It is not usual for the Assembly to substitute itself to the men of State in such questions. This leads to a diplomatic morass."

Other French editors contemplate the possible consequences of default with either anxiety or confidence. There is also a disposition to accuse Washington of trying to break up the Anglo-French entente, by taking different lines of approach to the two debtors. But a French authority, Prof. Gaston Jeze, of the law faculty of the University of Paris, suggests that France's own acts lead in this direction—"now that Britain has decided to pay, the vote of the Chamber of Deputies resulting from impassioned public opinion is going to leave France isolated."

Britain's decision to pay prevents the complete collapse of the debt structure and, in fact, a weakening of respect for all private obligations, argues Mark Sullivan, in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Other correspondents are more concerned with the disastrous consequences of France's default. Clinton W. Gilbert says it "practically ends the war debts." He reasons in the New York *Evening Post* that we now have little left to bargain with, that little is left "of the prospect of an international economic conference," and that the breakdown of the credit structure among the nations is a striking evidence of the distance they have gone toward isolation. Of course, "the prospects of disarmament are darkened, not only because we have lost much of the validity of our best trading asset, but, because, as the world moves away from cooperation, it becomes less ready to disarm." Mr. Gilbert holds Congress responsible for the French default, because it blocked the extension of the moratorium which alone could have kept the debts alive, and "back of the attitude of Congress lies the isolationist attitude into which this country fell after the war."

The consequences of debt default on the part of the richest, most powerful, most financially stable nation of continental Europe are such as to stagger the imagination, writes Henry Suydam in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and yet he concludes, perhaps this is needed to bring Congress to take a realistic view of world affairs:

"The spectacle of Great Britain, France, and the United States, the three great democracies of the world, fighting over debts at a time when the world is staggering under the shock of economic collapse, is calculated to sober even the most nationalistic members of Congress."

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To Make Banking Safe for Depositors

"NOW IS THE TIME TO PUT THE ANTI-FREEZE in credits."

That is, the President wants it, the Secretary of the Treasury wants it, the bankers are reconciled to it, and so the bill worked out by Senator Glass to give the country bigger, better, and safer banks is in a fair way to enactment, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* thinks.

The tragical statistics for bank failures have been recited over and over again in the government reports. But when they tell of 10,484 banks with deposit liabilities of nearly $5,000,000,000 failing in the last twelve years, as against only one in Canada, they only hint at the miserable plight of thousands of American citizens losing, perhaps, their all, in the failure of banks in which they have put their trust.

And then there are the millions hoarded because of the loss of confidence in our banks, adding to the fear-psychology which has been so big a factor in the depression. True, our public officials admit that the depression is bound to affect banks, but if Canada can get along with but one failure since 1921, many argue that we ought to be able to reorganize our system so as to get along with less than ten thousand.

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A Wise Economist Asks a Question

(This cartoon was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1931.)
—McCutcheon in the Chicago "Tribune."

OF course, everybody admits that there are dishonest and inefficient bankers, but it is also agreed that our banking laws can be revised so as to diminish their capacity for harm. At the last session of Congress, after long hearings and much study, Senator Glass of Virginia, chief author of the Federal Reserve Act, carefully worked out a bill intended to cut down the use of bank funds in stock-market speculation, to get banks out of the security-selling business, to aid depositors in closed banks, to tighten up official supervision of banks generally, and to extend branch banking so as to diminish the number of little, weak, poorly-run banks which furnish the great majority of failures.

At first the bankers were all against the Glass bill, but now, so the New York *Times* reports, they have become pretty well reconciled to it, and for these three reasons:

"First, the bankers recognize that, no matter what they do, Senator Glass is now able to obtain the passage of almost any bill that he desires. Second, the Glass bill in its twice-revised form is far less objectionable than it was originally. Third, warned by the events of early in the year, a good many bankers have already begun to arrange their business in accordance with the conditions they would have to meet if the Glass bill became law."

President Hoover rather surprized people by the warmth with which he called for banking reform in his annual message.

Secretary Mills, in his annual report, asked for prompt action.

The Controller of the Currency pointed out the need of reform in his annual report, in turn. He gave figures showing how bank suspensions totaled 501 in 1921 and ranged from 354 to 642 during the following years, to jump to 1,345 in 1930; to 2,298 in 1931; and to 1,199 in the first ten months of 1932. In other words, "during the past twelve years 10,484 banks with deposit liabilities of $4,882,481,000 have failed in this country." And these figures, continues Acting Controller Awalt, the writer of the report, "do not reveal the whole of the damage done to our credit structure by bank failures, since they do not include the millions of dollars withdrawn from deposit in going banks or the amounts which failed to find their way into banks for deposit through fear engendered in the minds of depositors by bank failures and fanned by rumors which in many instances were malicious in character."

An easing of the strain during the past eight months, partly due to the agencies devised for the purpose, is evident from the abatement in the number of bank suspensions. But, continues Mr. Awalt, however gratifying this is, "we can not escape the fact that the year 1932 has been characterized by a continuation of an alarming number of bank failures, and we know that a continued improvement in business and support by credit agencies of the Government will not, of themselves, correct the defects existing in our banking structure or reach the root of so many bank failures."

SUCH declarations as these seem to Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, to provide "a new basis of hope for those who believe that it is essential not only to clean up our banking system but also at the earliest possible opportunity to take such steps as are essential to protect us against a repetition of the errors between 1920 and 1930."

The Glass measure, says Ray Tucker in the New York *World-Telegram*, "was framed to prevent a recurrence, if possible, of some of the banking evils disclosed during the speculative period, when funds were used to promote the boom. It has been called the most far-reaching banking program advanced since creation of the Federal Reserve Board."

WASHINGTON correspondents think that the Glass bill will soon be called up in the Senate and is likely to be passed without great delay. It will then go to the House, where there will be strong opposition, especially to the branch-banking feature, where extensive amendment may be necessary, and where obstacles may be raised which will postpone enactment till the newly elected Congress meets.

The chief propositions embodied in the Glass bill are briefly stated as follows by Mr. James L. Walsh, a Detroit banker, in the current number of *The Bankers Monthly:*

"1. Control by the Federal Reserve system through the use of Federal Reserve funds with respect to speculation in securities.

"2. The intensification of control of the Federal Reserve Board over Federal Reserve operations.

"3. The protection of commercial banks from the undue influence of corporations engaged in buying and selling securities.

"4. Recognition, legalization, and supervision of group banking.

"5. A further extension of branch banking by national banks.

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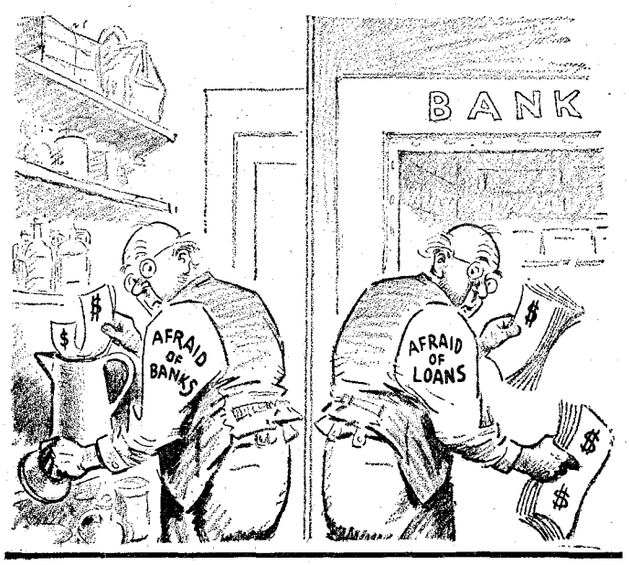
"6. A general tightening of bank supervision by the Federal authorities.

"7. The creation of a Federal liquidating corporation to aid depositors in closed banks."

REFLECTING on the need for better banking, a financial weekly, *Barron's*, remarks:

"In part, the weakness of the American banks has been due to the legal prohibition of branch banking in some States, which results in a multitude of small institutions in wide-spread urban areas. In part, it has been due to the encouragement given the organization of superfluous banks in rural communities by the deposit-guaranty laws of certain Mid-Western States. These laws have long since passed away, but the evil that they did survived them many years, without any wide-spread realization of the fact.



Brothers Under the Skin

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

"At any rate, the country is waking up to the impossibility of doing business safely under what has been described as forty-nine banking systems. Admirable as the Federal Reserve System is, it can not be the bulwark of confidence we have so accustomed ourselves to consider it while it embraces institutions holding little more than half the bank resources of the country."

THE wise course, in the New York *Herald Tribune's* opinion, would be for Senator Glass to confine his program to branch banking. But it is the branch-banking idea, notes the Washington *Post*, that meets with the coolest reception in Congress; "even tho unit banks have failed by the hundreds and there is little hope of successfully reviving the old system in some States, the traditional objections against branch banking still linger in some Congressional minds."

And while the trend toward a national system seems to be welcomed in financial circles, the Brooklyn *Eagle* has an idea that this will not be an unmixed blessing. It remarks:

"Let all State banks be compelled by Federal enactment to pass from State control into an enlarged National bank system, and the situation would change greatly. Every State entertaining bank theories too brash for the taste of the staid East would find itself deprived of the right to try such theories out on its own private dog. Every State would yearn to try them still and would seek to try them on the entire country's dog. And every State that felt cautious about banking would cease to be able to create banks of its own if the National system became too adventurous for its taste. It would have to take what Washington gave it.

"In other words, all the pests or, as their friends would call them, the blessings of prairie banking would have to try to affix themselves to the National banking system. They would have no other outlet for their possibilities."

Bad Times Bring Good Health

"THE PUBLIC HEALTH IS TO-DAY at its highest known level."

This sentence in President Hoover's message to Congress startled and surprized many readers, acutely conscious of the ills with which we have been afflicted for the past three years—economic anxiety, poverty, and unemployment.

But the President's statement seems to be supported by those in a position to know.

Health conditions as a whole, as measured by the death-rate, reports Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming in the annual report of the Public Health Service, have been "maintained at a very high level during the last two and one-half years." Even the mortality rate for infants, he says, shows a decline.

Morticians testify that the depression has dealt their business a blow. Their national organization reports "the lowest mortality rate in the United States since the creation of the Federal Bureau of Vital Statistics in 1880. The exact toll last year was 11.1 per 1,000 persons."

Physicians and even the "free clinics" have felt the slump—indicating less illness as well as fewer deaths.

At a recent meeting of the Illinois Society for Mental Hygiene, distinguished psychiatrists and alienists reported that the depression "had not affected the mental health and stability of the American people to a noticeable extent."

To this we may add the testimony of the life-insurance statisticians, who find cause for concern only in the suicide rate and the threat of increasing mental disorders.

"That the death-rate and morbidity rate have suffered from the slump is one very real blessing that has come from the depression," writes Dr. Robert Kingman in the Brooklyn *Eagle* Magazine. He says further:

"Saner living has undoubtedly lowered the death-rate. People are not eating and drinking so much as they did in more prosperous days.

"During times of unusual prosperity we are evidently prodigal with something more than money. Less care and attention are paid to life itself, and the very elements of prosperity—speed, luxury, and carelessness—contribute to a higher death-rate and a greater prevalence of illness."

SIX reasons why hard times and health go hand in hand are listed by Ruth Reynolds in the New York *Daily News*, after interviewing a number of outstanding doctors, sanitarians, welfare workers, and representatives of life-insurance companies and life-extension institutions:

"1. Most important of all, we are still drawing on the health of the boom years. In public health we are yet to feel the real effects of the depression.

"2. Unemployment brings some health-enforced rest, sunshine, and fresh air, which are excellent for victims, actual and potential, of tuberculosis, heart disease, kidney trouble, and high blood-pressure. There are fewer breakdowns from overwork. There is less overeating and overdrinking.

"3. Clement weather in recent winters has cut the death-rate.

"4. There have been no severe epidemics—this is due in good part to excellent and intensified public-health work.

"5. There have been fewer industrial accidents—due chiefly to unemployment and partially to education.

"6. There have been fewer traffic accidents—depression helps to keep down the number of business and pleasure vehicles."

Turning specifically to the drop in infant mortality, she adds:

"The amazing drop in the baby death-rate during these depression years, the experts believe, is due to two of the above reasons (Nos. 3 and 4), and also to a few reasons of its very own. These are:

"1. Education of mothers and mothers-to-be.

"2. Stricter supervision of milk, of midwives, of foster-homes.

"3. And, most important, the rapidly declining birth-rate, due principally to the increased practise of birth control by couples who feel they can't afford babies until times improve."

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A Reducing Diet for Bureaucrats

MR. HOOVER HAS FIRED a load of buckshot into the hides of the big brown bears from Alaska.

You remember those famous bruins, of course. Because of duplication of effort by government agencies, they found themselves under the care of five different bureaus, we are reminded. Since then they have always been symbolic of inefficient and duplicating administration.

To end such wasteful overlapping, President Hoover, in his recent message to Congress, recommended that fifty-eight executive agencies and parts of agencies be grouped or consolidated. His economy and efficiency plan ends fifteen independent agencies and commissions.

Here, as numerous editorials point out, after twenty years of talk about reorganization of the executive branch of the Government, we have concrete action. But it has already thrown Congress into a turmoil of controversy.

President Hoover did more than recommend. He issued executive orders putting the changes into effect. Under legislation of June 30, 1932, the orders will become effective in sixty days after issuance, unless Congress specifically rejects them.

Whether they will be rejected or not is a question. The House may turn thumbs down, but it is believed that Republican Senators can filibuster and prevent action in the Upper House until the sixty days are at an end.

The principal effects of President Hoover's consolidation orders, unless vetoed by Congress, will be, according to the Associated Press:

"Reshaping the Department of Interior into an agency handling virtually all public building and public works, including rivers and harbors and flood control, and all education, health and recreation activities of the Government, including the public-health service.

"Grouping under the Department of Commerce of all merchant marine activities, including the now Independent Merchant Fleet Corporation and Inland Waterway Corporation; and the hydrographic office of the Navy and naval observatory.

"Giving the Department of Commerce control of the Weather Bureau, and assigning the general land office to the Department of Agriculture to create a division of land utilization.

"Giving the Coast Guard control of the border patrol of both immigration and customs services, thus charging it with control of all entry to the United States.

"Abolishing the Employees' Compensation Commission and certain minor agencies whose duties would be taken over by the District of Columbia."

IN his message Mr. Hoover said he had not estimated the saving involved, but was considering still further consolidations:

"I have made no estimate of the extent of the economies which will eventually result from this reorganization program. The total appropriations for the present fiscal year to these agencies is approximately $700,000,000.

"I have under consideration further consolidations and grouping in the different departments, including certain functions of the Army and Navy, which I hope to be able to transmit to the Congress at a later date."

However, in a helpful attempt to supply the missing estimate of saving, David Lawrence writes in a Consolidated Press Association dispatch:

"It is estimated that the bureaus affected spend about $700,000,000 a year. How much of this can be saved is not indicated, but in order not to jeopardize the future of the plan, in so far as the Congressional influence of employees affected is concerned, this curtailment of personnel is left to the discretion of the key executives, who will manage the merged bureaus or divisions. The savings may run anywhere from $50,000,000 upward."

And to the Washington *Post* it seems that:

"The sum total of actual savings accomplished by the reorganization is small, and will have little bearing upon the immediate problem of balancing the budget. If greater efficiency is achieved practical economy results as a matter of course, altho it may not appear as dollars and cents."

THE most important question is, of course: What will Congress do? Seeking an answer, we find the New York *Times* reporting this situation:

"Sentiment was divided in Congress as to the effectiveness of President Hoover's recommendations for the reorganization of government agencies. Republicans generally thought the President had gone as far as possible as is consistent with effective government in abolishing and consolidating bureaus for economy.

I'M THRU OPERATING ON YOU I'M GOING TO CUT DOWN ON THE FAT BOY OVER THERE
COST OF GOVERNMENT
DOC CONGRESS
ECONOMY
TAX PAYER
Morris

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Wouldn't It Be Music in His Ears?

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

"The special Senate Committee, headed by Senator Bingham, will consider the recommendations, and the House Committee on Economy will act upon the suggestions without delay. Representative Byrns of Tennessee, chairman of the Appropriation Committee, said the Democrats hoped to force further consolidations and make greater reductions than recommended by the President.

"If the Republicans of the Senate determine that the President's reorganization recommendations are acceptable, every effort will be made to force them into effect."

THE proposed changes are greeted in a variety of ways by the press of the nation. The Birmingham *News*, for example, declares that:

"It is almost incredible that in this eleventh hour of his administration the President should presume to reorder the functioning of so much Federal machinery without first threshing all of it out with the man who will succeed him."

But the Camden *Courier-Post*, describing the plan as "the greatest single program of retrenchment in public spending in all modern history," continues:

"No estimate of the total savings was offered in the President's message to Congress, outlining the reorganization. But they are expected to run close to half a billion dollars.

"No one who has observed the wholesale spawning of bureaus at Washington, and the even more rapid spawning of jobs in those bureaus, has the slightest doubt that the recommended cuts can be made without the slightest effect upon the efficiency of the Federal Government.

"Dispute over the Hoover program is certain to rage. The howl will be terrific. When one recognizes how loudly a single bureau can yell when economy threatens, this general shake-up will flood the nation with static."

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The Beer Schooner Sailing a Stormy Sea

BABY SHOES, a doll, a bottle of milk, and a loaf of bread.

"If the man gets his glass of beer," says their exhibitor, "the children will have to give up these for Christmas."

Thus Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin of New York dramatizes the fight of the drys against the bill to legalize beer.

"You can not balance the budget with the souls of the nation." In a trembling voice, Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith of the Iowa Woman's Christian Temperance Union solemnly warns the House Ways and Means Committee, holding hearings on the

CONGRESS
THE RETURN OF BEER
WHILE WE'RE WORRYING ABOUT THE ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH OF BEER —
BOOTLEG GANGSTER
LEGAL BEER
WE MUST REMEMBER IT HAS TO HAVE KICK ENOUGH TO GET RID OF THE BOOTLEGGER

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A Question of Strength

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

Collier beer-wine measure, that 2.75 per cent. beer would be "a brutalizing beginning of hard liquor."

But to the long procession of dry witnesses who followed a long procession of wets through the committee hearing, Representative Ragon serves this notice:

"You've got just about as much chance as a paper shirt in a prairie fire to stop this legislation in the next Congress."

NOTE the words "next Congress." What are the prospects of putting the beer-wine legislation through the present session? Nobody seems to know, not even the enthusiastic wets who had shouted "Beer by Christmas." Even as a majority of the House Committee were pushing their plans, as the correspondents tell us, to report out the Collier bill, doubts began to cloud the prospect of a prompt and successful vote. As a headline sums up the situation:

"House leaders fear opposition of Republicans, spurred by reports of Hoover veto."

And so the wets are beginning to wonder if beer and wine legislation will have to wait, along with repeal, for action by the Democratic new Congress at a special session in the spring.

Both sides made a strong showing at the hearings. There was such a great turnout of both wets and drys, notes Dewey L. Fleming of the Baltimore *Sun*, that "veteran observers say that at no time since Prohibition became the law of the land has there been such a massing of rival interests and their legislative agents and assistants."

And they all trooped into the great committee-room, with its red velvet draperies and crystal chandeliers, to praise or denounce the Collier bill. This measure tentatively provided for a beer of 2.75 per cent. alcoholic content by weight, which, we are told, is equivalent to 3.2 per cent. by volume. It fixt the tax at $5 a barrel. On wine it provided for a tax of twenty cents a gallon.

FIRST to testify before the committee were advocates of beer, among them representatives of 80 per cent. of the brewing industry. Urging a slightly higher alcoholic content than that provided in the bill, they said that a 3.2 per cent. beer (by weight) would insure the immediate expenditure of about $360,000,000 for plants, equipment, and supplies, the reemployment of more than 300,000 men in manufacture and distribution, and a tax to the Government of between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000.

The higher alcoholic content was necessary, they said, for "a balanced, palatable beer," such as was sold before Prohibition.

Such a beer is not intoxicating, declared Yandell Henderson, tall, gray-haired professor of physiology at Yale University. "Beer of about 4 per cent.," he averred, "is not appreciably more intoxicating than an equal volume of coffee." And again: "A glass of beer is less intoxicating than a cigar."

But Secretary Mills, appearing later before the committee, did not agree with the brewers on the amount of taxes to be obtained from beer. He thought it would run between $125,000,000 and $150,000,000. As he testified, Democratic members of the committee derided estimates of revenue he had made in the past.

Saying that the $5 a barrel tax is "about right," Levi Cooke, attorney for the beer-makers, warned against a higher levy on the ground that, "if the tax is made so high as to make evasion of this act profitable, the legitimate brewers of the country will have a long, hard task to stamp out the illicit beer traffic in the country."

IMPRESSIVE statistics were tossed at the committee by many witnesses. For instance, Owen T. Cull, general freight manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific, estimated that the legalization of beer would mean $100,000,000 to the railroads.

And this was followed up by R. A. Huber of St. Louis, vice-president of Anheuser Busch, and an officer of the United States Brewers' Association. As the New York *Times* correspondent summarizes his testimony:

"Immediate capital outlays to be made by the industry in reviving itself were listed by Mr. Huber as follows:

"New capital investments, $175,000,000; materials, $75,000,000; new cases, $12,000,000; new bottles, $15,000,000; new labels, corks, and caps, $5,000,000; new cooperage, $40,000,000; automobile delivery trucks, $15,000,000; advertising and sales campaigns, $16,000,000 to $20,000,000.

"Representative Crowther asked if legalized beer would reduce bootlegging. Mr. Huber replied that the greatest contribution of beer to the eradication of bootlegging and racketeering would be that less hard liquor would be consumed, and that the beer business would be taken back into legitimate hands.

"'But nothing short of a miracle will stop bootlegging until liquor is legalized and controlled,' Mr. Huber added."

In the midst of all the testimony by brewers came a startling flare-up.

"This is not a bill to enhance the profits of brewers and distillers," shouted Representative La Guardia of New York, a wet leader. "And the quicker they get out and stay out of Washington the better it will be for the American people."

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Reminded by Representative Rainey of Illinois, acting chairman, that the brewers had appeared at the request of the committee, Mr. La Guardia replied:

"I know that, but am expressing my own views. It was their activities that brought on Prohibition, and now as soon as we see some chance of repeal, here they are again.

"Why, there are already advertisements in the daily papers about beer stock promotions and for sale of interests in breweries. What do you think the American people think about that? When Prohibition is repealed, there won't be any big profits for these interests."

TRAILING the wet procession were representatives of the wine interests, come to fight for the Collier bill's provision for "non-intoxicating vinous liquors made by the natural fermentation of grape-juice, and without the addition of distilled spirits."

And then came the drys, to deny and denounce all wet claims, and to battle with all their old-time vigor for the preservation of the Volstead Law and the Eighteenth Amendment.

Congress has no right to legalize beer, they declared in their essential argument, without changing the Constitution itself.

Ten million women represented in Prohibition organizations are opposed to any increase in the alcoholic content of beverages, asserted Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of New York, head of the Woman's National Committee on Law Enforcement.

"We are here," she said, "to present our opposition to any increase of alcoholic content from one-half of 1 per cent. as authorized by the Volstead Law"—

"We have only one desire—to protect our Constitution, the supreme law, that it may continue to protect our homes and children and communities. There is less to fear from a few Russian Communists than from great interests and politicians who are determined to break down the law for greed, appetite, or political advancement.

"The only safe content is the minimum for those not inoculated with alcohol, including children and total abstainers, both women and men. Ninety per cent. of the drunkenness before Prohibition was beer drunkenness."

Agreement was voiced by other women leaders, who condemned beer and wine as "destroyers of homes, morals and health."

"When we are willing to mortgage our homes, our families, and our children, then surely we are morally bankrupt," said Mrs. Anna Marden de Yo, representative of the National W. C. T. U.

IF beer is legalized, the brewers will attempt to regain their old-time dictatorship of politics, said Dr. Leigh Colvin, representing the Prohibition National Committee—

"They are offering you an unlimited bribe for the privilege of reestablishing themselves, but I serve notice on this committee now, if beer is legalized and taxed they will be back here in two years to demand that the tax be reduced.

"If you restore the brewers, you will restore the liquor power in this country, and in the end you will have to restore the Eighteenth Amendment to get rid of it as you did before."

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., told the committee that he held resolutions from every conference in the Methodist Episcopal Church South but one declaring against any changes in the law.

"The mad rush of certain groups to pass legislation authorizing the manufacture and sale of beer reminds one of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning," he said, adding that legalization of beer or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment "would stab in the back every other legitimate industry and, of necessity, those employed therein."

The upshot of the hearing was that the committee voted, 17 to 7, for a favorable report on the Collier beer bill, after raising the alcoholic percentage to 3.2 by weight. Wine provisions were deleted, to be embodied in a separate measure, the Lea bill, which the committee rejected, 14 to 9, fearing that "a possible alcoholic content of 14 per cent. would be unconstitutional."

Of course, this Collier bill, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* reminds us, "is a tentative draft of a measure that is likely to undergo considerable change before it is accepted by either branch of Congress."

BUT "if the Democrats balk at a beer bill and prevent its passage," warns the Chicago *Tribune*, "they will go bankrupt to the inauguration. They will start the new Administration out under a cloud of repudiation, broken faith, and disavowals."

We should have quick action, adds the Washington *News*, for "the issue, we repeat, is taxes"—

"A quick decision is essential. The deficit is mounting daily.

"Until the beer-tax question is decided, Congress can not intelligently consider either appropriations or general taxation which determine a balanced budget."

"LEGAL BEER"
THE MARVELOUS REMEDY FOR ALL ECONOMIC ILLS! IT WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS!!
REQUEST FOR DEBT DELAY
THE DOLE
THE FALLING POUND STERLING
£
JOHN BULL SAYS "I HAVE ALWAYS HAD THIS WONDERFUL CURE-ALL AND JUST LOOK AT ME!"
GALE

We Have Seen Better Testimonials!

—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

A question that engages the interest of many editors is: How big a drink of beer will one get for a nickel? And will it be able to compete with home-brew?

"WILL it be the hefty schooner of the old prewar days or the bantam-size glass that to-day measures out our five-cent 'coke' drinks at the soda fountain?" asks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*—

"That has emerged as one of the important questions in the framing of the beer bill. At the moment Congress is consumed with the ambition to squeeze out of the beer tax a large enough revenue to enable it to escape the necessity of resorting to other levies far more painful and attended by far more political distress—the suggested manufacturers' sales tax, for example.

"But if the barrel tax is made too high, the price of bottled beer will rise beyond the reach of scores of thousands who constitute the normal beer-consuming masses, and the five-cent portion served from the spigot will, as one brewer put it, be not more than a good-sized swallow or two.

"The law of diminishing returns, in that case, may slay the goose from which Congress expects such a harvest of golden eggs—may so reduce consumption that the beer tax, in spite of its high rates, will produce nowhere near the expected revenue."

"Will the public pay a tax, and perhaps a double tax, on feeble beer when it can roll its own?" echoes the Washington *Post*, which also points out that "how beer can be dispensed by the glass, without restoring the saloon, is a question that must be thrashed out."

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That Barbed Philippine Fish-hook

"IT'S A SIGHT EASIER to get a fish-hook in than 'tis to get it out!"

This homely wisdom sums up the present case for Philippine independence, according to the Detroit *News*.

If we get that fish-hook out, the Detroit daily pursues bitterly, "in reponse to selfish internal politics, we may expose twelve million Filipinos to risks of pauperism and subsequent anarchy, to say nothing of Japanese aggression."

Debate in the Senate of the Hawes-Cutting bill, providing for a trial period of several years before granting full freedom to the Philippines, evokes savagely harsh condemnation of the proposal from a large section of the press. Indeed, it seems to be a case of trying to please every one and displeasing everybody. The New York *Herald Tribune*, stanch supporter of the Administration—which is opposed to the bill—refers to it as "that unsavory pie into which every sugary and oily finger in the Senate has now been thrust."

Manila may have to send a delegation to Washington, ironically notes the Washington *Post*, to plead with President Hoover to veto the independence bill.

Chief sponsors of the Hawes-Cutting bill, the Boston *News Bureau*, a financial daily, bluntly avers, have been Senators from States where the sugar industry is important—Senator Borah of Idaho, where sugar-beets are widely grown, Senator Huey Long of Louisiana, most important cane-sugar State. But these gentlemen, says the Boston daily, "appear to have ignored the important question of whether Congress has the power to grant independence to the Philippines: This contention is based on an article by the late Judge Daniel R. Williams in the Virginia *Law Review* of 1925." As summarized by the Boston *News Bureau:*

"The Government of the United States, then, can exercise only those powers which have been specifically granted to it, by the Constitution and amendments thereto (in addition to powers reasonably incidental to such enumerated powers).

"The power to alienate territory belonging to the people of the United States is not such a power.

"In the 153 years of this country's existence not one square foot of territory ever brought under the American flag has been alienated, tho there have been adjustments in the case of disputed title or disputed boundaries. The question of alienation of territory has therefore never directly come before the Supreme Court."

BUT this attitude, first advanced in the present controversy by Secretary Hurley, that the Philippines are "inalienable," seems to the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* the flimsiest and cheapest kind of jingoism:

"That is the line of reasoning which has been followed by the super-patriots, who have ignored all our previous expressions of intent with reference to the Philippines, and who appeal to jingoism with the argument that the American flag must never be pulled down where it has been raised.

"That, of course, is not the strongest reason for being opposed to the Hawes bill. Our obligation to the Filipinos is plain, and has been stated many times. Since the day of McKinley we have held out to them the promise of their freedom whenever they are capable of self-government.

"That promise should be kept. Freedom should not be withheld upon any such ground as Secretary Hurley seeks to offer. Nor should it be granted merely in order that Filipino agricultural products may be taxed in our custom houses."

Answering our so-called anti-imperialists, who protest against American policies in the Philippines as "a selfish, material conspiracy against weaker peoples," the Chicago *Tribune* makes a vigorous plea for a realistic solution of the problem of independence:

"The pending bills are far from being an expression of altruism. They are the work of selfish special interests in the United States, and give no consideration either to the interests of the Philippine people or to the general interest of the United States.

"They should be set aside and the whole subject of our Philippine policy given thorough reconsideration."

The Hawes-Cutting bill represents a "hit-and-run" policy in the Philippines, according to John M. Switzer, former president of the Pacific Commercial Company, the largest American firm in the Islands. As quoted by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Such tragic, unworthy and selfish ending of a national undertaking, which up to now has brought us monumental credit, would receive the well-deserved rebuke of history.

"It is about time the American people should realize that their high sense of fairness is about to be outraged by the most brazen and selfish interests that ever directed legislation in Washington.

"I want to emphasize that warning. A sad spectacle, indeed, after having spent thirty-four years to raise their social, political and economic standard, for which every American is justly proud, to tear it down, primarily to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for great financial interests holding investments in Cuban sugar."

ON the other hand, the Ogden *Standard-Examiner* expresses the typical point of view of a "beet-sugar" State:

"Utah is quite willing, inasmuch as the Filipinos are demanding independence, to permit them to be free.

"But the strange feature of the independence sought by the natives is that the Filipinos desire to be divorced from us and still enjoy all the advantages of being a part of us. They want their sugar and their vegetable oils to come in free, after the islands have been separated. For that the average American will answer in the negative."

Filipino dissatisfaction with the provisions of the Hare bill, which passed the House last April, and the Hawes-Cutting bill, is indicated in cables to the New York *Times:*

"The entire community is uneasy over the opening of Senate debate on the bill for independence.

"Filipino sentiment is overwhelmingly opposed to its provisions, but no suitable substitute has been offered. American opinion here is that the present is singularly inopportune even to consider independence, because of the economic stress, disturbed Far-Eastern conditions, and inadequacy of economic preparation for tariff imposition by the United States on Philippine products."

According to the same newspaper, Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, insists upon "full and immediate independence or nothing." In this attitude he is joined by Vicente Sotto, chairman of the extremist Civic Union. In an Associated Press cable from Manila, published by the New York *Sun*, Señor Sotto affirms:

"Inform Congress the Filipino people do not need free trade nor immigration of laborers to the United States. Free trade and immigration can be stopt right now, but independence likewise should be conceded right now with all of its consequences."

IN a widely publicized and quoted article, Vicente Villamin, Filipino lawyer and economist of Washington, D. C., suggests a solution of this intricate problem by the adoption of a policy of mutual advantage. As quoted in the Grand Rapids *Press*, this conservative spokesman suggests:

"A relationship based on mutual advantage and built on political equality, with no separation, and following generally the relation existing between the self-governing members of the British commonwealth of nations, would be an ideal one to establish between the United States and the Philippines. To America the Philippines can serve as a source of tropical raw materials, a market for American goods and a base for the protection and promotion of America's vital interests in the Orient. To the Philippines association with America means protection from external aggression, economic advantages, political privileges, and cultural opportunities."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

WAR, it seems, not only doesn't pay, but isn't even paid for.—*American Lumberman* (*Chicago*).

WALL STREET financiers are losing lots of sleep these days—with no sheep to count.—*Atlanta Journal.*

SOME think conditions will improve by leaps and bounds. Others have faith in hops.—*Toledo Blade.*

A MAN in Chicago has just retired in excellent health after playing a saxophone in an orchestra for fifty years. This seems to prove anew the admirable self-restraint of the American people.—*Boston Herald.*

EUROPE can not be consistently pictured as a female figure any more. The woman pays.—*North Penn Reporter* (*Lansdale, Pa.*).

THE beer-thirsty are trying to decide whether the kick shall be by weight or by volume. Our guess is it'll be by wait.—*Dallas News.*

WE are not strongly in favor of the proposed five-day week, but we wouldn't mind having a five-day week-end.—*Atlanta Journal.*

IN parts of China, it appears, it is possible for men sentenced to execution to buy their freedom. Heads or taels.—*Humorist* (*London*).

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT says he will keep every campaign pledge. Well, they said he'd do something radical. — *Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

"WHAT is a pedestrian?" was a question recently asked in a London court. A pedestrian is a man who has a small car and a large family. — *Punch* (*London*).

THE LITERARY DIGEST now tells the story of the "papaya," the "fruit that digests meat." It should be eaten with some of THE DIGEST'S boloney.—*Helena Independent.*

FRITZ KREISLER says music with most persons does not sink below the neck. That's exactly where the crooner's tunes hit us.—*Toledo Blade.*

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S decision to go round the world was the only alternative to the difficulty of arranging for the world to go round Mr. Bernard Shaw.—*Punch.*

A TEXAS horse thief was run down after spiriting away a Shetland pony. Is it any wonder the old frontier has been taken over by women Governors?—*Detroit News.*

FRANKLIN told reporters that war debts were not his baby. But he is the guy that's going to have to get up and warm the milk for the next year or so.—*Chicago Daily News.*

AND if grass does grow in the streets of 100 of our cities, it will afford the first opportunity in several years for the inhabitants to get a glimpse of the long green.—*Atlanta Journal.*

To get the best results, bridge luncheons should be served before the game. Eating with people you aren't speaking to hardly promotes good digestion.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WE have no doubt that the voters will hold the successful party strictly accountable for its campaign promises, if, by any chance, they are able to remember what they were.—*Boston Herald.*

MAYBE this year it will be Scanty Claus.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*

PERHAPS the railroads are in bad condition because they are not doing enough training.—*Atlanta Journal.*

FROM the way things are working out it appears that losing a war is cheaper than winning one.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A NEW YORK trainer says he can educate mosquitoes, as well as fleas, for dramatic performances. Personally, we'd rather see a mosquito on the screen.—*Boston Herald.*

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The Season's Hero

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

THE doctors were amazed at Ford's recuperative powers. Just that quick Ford pick-up.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

AS WE get it, old Uncle Sam would rather be regarded as a Shylock than a busted Santa Claus.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A TRADE paper says too many trucks are being turned out by the manufacturers. Yes, and too few by the drivers.—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE principality of Liechtenstein has an Army of one man. If we must finance wars abroad, let's back Liechtenstein next time.—*Toledo Blade.*

HENRY FORD has been in service sixty-nine years and this is the first time they have had to take him back to the shop for repairs.—*Tampa Tribune.*

IT must make a worried business man mad when he observes that even his stenographer's finger-nails are in the red.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE British optimist who suggests merry chimes for funerals rather shocks our natural conservatism. We have a feeling that it wouldn't be doing right by our knell.—*Boston Herald.*

NOW that Congress is in session, a number of important matters will receive immediate attention in a few months.—*American Lumberman.*

ASTRONOMERS think Mars is trying to signal the earth. They probably have a war on and want Uncle Sam to finance it.—*Florence* (*Ala.*) *Herald.*

PARENTS who tell their children that spinach will give them strength should tell them the rest of it—that it will also give them grit.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE A. F. of L. has approved the six-hour day and the five-day week. Now people who pay rent will begin agitating for a ninety-day month.—*San Diego Union.*

THE Tennessee auto plates for 1933 will be cream and dark brown. The State will get the cream and the dark brown will be for the taste in the taxpayer's mouth.—*Tullahoma* (*Tenn.*) *Guardian.*

No wonder the authorities are investigating the election in Pennsylvania. Isn't it *prima facie* evidence of something suspicious when a State reverses a LITERARY DIGEST poll?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

ONE thing old Josh Taxpayer can't get through his head is how the $2,500,000,000 loaned to European countries after the Armistice and the $739,000,000 owed for surplus war and relief supplies bought on credit after the war closed, ever got to be war debts in the first place.—*Macon Telegraph.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The Anglo-Persian Oil Flare-Up

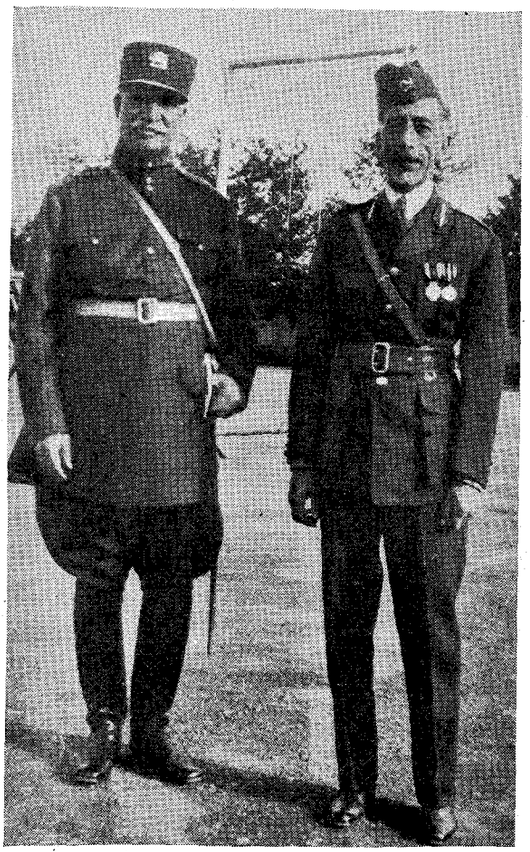
"THE LAST FOOTHOLD OF FOREIGNERS on Persia's soil" has finally been removed.

So declared the Teheran newspaper *Ettelat*, as it urged national rejoicing over the decision of the Persian Government to cancel the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's concession.

The oil company's fields cover 500,000 square miles in Persia's territory, and in normal times produce almost 6,000,000 tons of oil a year.

The whole city celebrated the annulment of the concession, which was granted to M. K. D'Arcy in 1901 for sixty years, and taken over by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in 1909.

By order of the police, say Teheran press dispatches, illumination of the shops was increased. Festive parties in motor-cars drove through the streets of the town singing. Theaters were open free to the public; and the news of the annulment was received with equal jubilation in other Persian cities.



Wide World

Potentates and Neighbors

Riza Khan Pahlevi, Shah of Persia (left), and King Feisal of Iraq, walk in the garden of the Persian Royal Palace at Teheran as they discuss political and economic relations between their countries.

THE defiant stand of the Persians is evident in editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Teheran press. Characteristic is the verdict of the semiofficial *Iran* that the granting of the D'Arcy concession was a mistake from the beginning. This newspaper asks:

"Why was the D'Arcy concession granted? First, because of ignorance; secondly, because of selfishness, love of self-interest; thirdly, because of disregard for national and social interests.

"These are the three foundations on which the D'Arcy concession was founded, and these are the three foundations on which the company's colossal building was erected—a most gigantic building, through which millions in wealth were accumulated while individuals of the very country from which torrents of gold flowed cryingly needed its wealth and resources.

"What was the only way out? What is the duty of a strong Government? Which position will safeguard the country's interests when it sees them trampled? The reply was action.

"This theory was actually enacted by the Finance Ministry's note to the company, informing them of the Government's decision, which accomplished all the foregoing aims simultaneously in the cancelation of the D'Arcy agreement."

Meanwhile excitement of a different character stirred all Britain. In the House of Commons, Capt. Anthony Eden, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, announced that Great Britain "won't tolerate interference" by the Persian Government with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Captain Eden further informed the House that:

"The British Minister at Teheran, under instructions from London, made the strongest representations to the Persian Government, emphasizing the very serious view held by His Majesty's Government, and adding that, altho it was still hoped that the matter might be amicably settled, the British Government would not hesitate in case of necessity to take all legitimate measures to protect its just and indisputable interests.

"The Persian Government at the same time was informed that the British Government won't tolerate any damage to the company's interests, or any interference with its premises or business activity in Persia."

BY way of retort allegations that "threats and pressure" have been directed by the British Government against Persia are being brought before the Council of the League of Nations by the Shah's government. This is reported in a Teheran cable to the New York *Times*, which informs us also that the Persian Government feels justified in having canceled the British company's concession, and in its reply to the British note of protest gives nine reasons in defense of its action:

"First, it is stated that the original concession was obtained under pressure.

"Second, the amount of royalty paid to Persia is said to have been unfairly calculated.

"Third, it is charged the Persians have not been permitted to check the accounts.

"Fourth, it is alleged no royalty was paid during the World War, despite repeated Persian complaints.

"Fifth, the company is said to have refused to pay its income tax.

"Sixth, alleged reckless expenditure by the company in other parts of the world is held to be detrimental to the interests of the Persian oil industry.

"Seventh, the cost of oil in Persia is declared excessive.

"Eighth, it is charged the company has failed fully to exploit its Persian oil-fields, while fields outside have been developed.

"Ninth, the company is declared to have refused to send a representative to negotiate last summer."

THE resentment of the British is apparent in editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the English press. There must be no delay or hesitance in handling the matter, urges the London *Daily Telegraph*, which argues:

"There could be no clearer case than we have in this matter. Persia, both before and after the change in régime in that country, has year by year accepted royalties provided in the agreement.

"Now that as a result of the world depression they have shrunken in amount, Persia proposes to take possession of a business created by many millions in British capital, largely spent in that country.

"The fact that this business is the main source of oil supply of the British Navy is no part of the legal case, but it emphatically forbids any delay or hesitance in handling the matter."

The Laborite London *Daily Herald* sees plainly in the British

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Government's statement a threat of action against Persia. But it pleads with both governments to settle the dispute amicably, altho it insists that—

"There is more in these exchanges than mere acerbity of the British Government when it states that it may clearly hold the Persian Government responsible for any damage to the company's property, and in event such damage occurs it will regard itself entitled to take whatever measures the situation demands for the company's protection.

"This is unequivocally a threat of action against Persia. Settlement can be found without wanton destruction on the one hand or Palmerstonian saber-rattling on the other. Let the two governments seek peace."

UNDISGUISED concern is shown in the feeling of the Manchester *Guardian* that unless all the parties involved in this "squabble" behave themselves, high and angry words may lead to danger. At the same time this newspaper pays a tribute to Britain's Foreign Minister when it says:

"Sir John Simon acted with his usual display of rectitude, but that should blind no one to realities. Legality is a poor substitute for common sense and equity in dealing with a proud, newly conscious nation.

"The Anglo-Persian Oil Company's past dividends allow it to be generous. The British Government always held its principal concern to be the Navy's needs, not big profits. If this is really so, a settlement should be easy.

"Fast cruisers 'happen' to be in the Persian Gulf. It is to be hoped that they are not used for a diplomatic bluster.

"All parties to this squabble are doubtless intent upon a bargain, but the postures, harmless in themselves, may lead to danger."

The Guardian then points out that small States can not rely, like giants, on their arms, for—

"They know that if one giant triumphs now they will be no better off than before the war, for they will be at the mercy of any of his fellows.

"They know now that such things as censure and non-recognition for flagrant violations of elementary right are distributed according to a higher law: the difference between the weak and the strong.

"Most of the great Powers apparently offer them no help.

"Does dog eat dog, or does one imperialistic Power condemn another?"

THE records show that the British Government has received only slightly less from its Anglo-Persian Oil Company dividends and interest than the Persian Government has received in oil royalties. This was revealed in the House of Commons, we read in a London wireless to the New York *Times*, where it is also related that:

"According to Capt. Anthony Eden, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the British Government has received a total of £9,977,344 [about $32,470,672 at the current exchange rate] from its holdings of Anglo-Persian shares, which include 7,500,000 ordinary £1 shares, 1,000 £1 preference shares, and 99,000 5 per cent. debentures.

"During the whole period of the concession the Persian Government has received a total of £11,265,000 in royalties, computed on the basis of 16 per cent. of the net profits."

A German Jibe

The uncertain seat of Manchukuo's chief executive.
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

Japan at Bay Before the League

"SIXTY-FIVE MILLION JAPANESE of pure blood stand together as one man" against the surrender of Manchuria.

Thus dramatically Yosuke Matsuoka, Tokyo's delegate, put Japan's position plainly before the special Assembly of the League of Nations.

"Do you think all of them have gone mad?"

And in the hush that followed this defiant challenge, Geneva press correspondents tell us, Mr. Matsuoka added:

"Our nation is prepared to undergo even the severest sanctions of the League of Nations."

Some people in Europe and America, Mr. Matsuoka said also, contend that the world public opinion is against Japan. But even if that is true, he asserted, "Japan will persist forever."

Speaking bitterly, Mr. Matsuoka then gave utterance to amazing words that, as one correspondent puts it, might have sounded ridiculous from another speaker, but deeply imprest the listeners:

"Humanity crucified Jesus of Nazareth 2,000 years ago. What then to-day? Humanity thinks that so-called world public opinion can make no mistake, and we Japanese believe we are put on trial.

"Some of the people in Europe and America may wish even to crucify Japan in the twentieth century.

"We are prepared to be crucified, but we do believe, and firmly believe, that in a very few years world opinion will be changed, and that we also shall be understood by the world as Jesus of Nazareth was."

A FURTHER indication of Japan's rigidity on the Manchurian issue appears in Tokyo Associated Press dispatches informing us that the Japanese delegates at Geneva were instructed by their Government to reject the proposal of an international conciliation commission to be created to attempt a settlement of the Chino-Japanese controversy over Manchuria.

This proposal was made to Japan by Great Britain alone, we are told, and other Powers were not associated with the suggestion, as these dispatches relate:

"Great Britain pointed out that if Japan refused conciliation efforts under paragraph 3 of Article 15 of the League Covenant, it probably would be unavoidable that the League would proceed with application of paragraph 4. (Paragraph 3 provides that the League Council endeavor to effect a settlement of disputes. Paragraph 4 provides that if this fails, the Council by majority vote shall publish a report of the facts and recommendations 'in regard thereto.')

"Great Britain hoped such action would be unnecessary."

Altho the Japanese Government is opposed in principle to a conciliation commission, a cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* shows a feeling in some Japanese circles that such a body might possibly be formed. As this newspaper sees it:

"The Government already having clarified in instructions to the Japanese delegation its opposition in principle to the

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contemplated conciliation commission, does not entertain any idea of participating in it.

"However, despite the Japanese attitude, indications at Geneva are that such an organ could be created in some form, permitting the League to postpone settlement of the Chino-Japanese dispute for some time."

THE chief objection of another Japanese newspaper, the *Asahi*, is based on its belief that a conciliation commission would probably be made up of members lacking sufficient knowledge of the real state of things in the Far East. That is why *Asahi* asserts:

"If the commission is formed, we insist that it be of limited scope, because the majority of League members still lack a correct appreciation of realities in the Far Eastern situation.

"It is unthinkable that a commission, the majority of them ignorant of actualities, should be able to render a decision acceptable to Japan."

Raspberry!

—"Daily Record" (Glasgow).

A SHARP division of opinion on Japan is to be noted in editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the English press.

For instance, the London *Daily Mail* holds that Japan is doing good work for the world at large in Manchuria, and it claims that:

"An overwhelming majority of the British people hold that Japan is rendering service to civilization by restoring law and order in Manchuria. She means to stay there, and Great Britain has not the slightest inclination to take any part in turning her out."

Of similar mind is the London *Morning Post*, which compares Japan's labors in Manchuria with Britain's work in Egypt:

"Japan has undertaken the heavy task of establishing law and order in that vast territory, and the British people who had to undertake similar tasks in Egypt and India wish her success."

But a sharply different view is taken by the London *News-Chronicle*, which gives Japan short shrift, especially regarding the reported threat to withdraw from the League of Nations. This daily declares hotly:

"There is only one appropriate answer to Japan's threat to leave the League. That is, ignore it entirely. If Japan chooses to go into the wilderness, let her go. It will be her loss, and she will come back in due time.

"Between a League of Nations which has bought the support of Japan by supine acquiescence to her violences and a League of Nations which has been temporarily deprived of her support for refusing to do so, there can not be a moment's hesitation."

Buttoning Up the Soviet Overcoat

EVERY SO OFTEN, SOMETHING SEEMS to go wrong with Soviet Russia's Five-Year Plan.

Tractor trouble, break-down of transport, irregularities in food distribution, all have become familia knowledge to the outside world.

The interesting thing is that fault-finding with the Five-Year Plan proceeds chiefly from the press inside Russia.

The latest woful cries are raised against standardized overcoats and shoes.

With a kind of mirthless humor, one writer in *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, shivers with anticipated cold as he tells his experiences with the 1931 model of the Soviet overcoat.

If the Government can do no better this year, and he thinks it can not, then, Mr. Kholodkovsky laments, it is certainly going to be a hard winter. Here is his picture of the Soviet overcoat:

"This coat's lapels look as tho they were writhing in a cramp. Its chest is soft and wrinkled, forming valleys and mountains.

"Its sleeves differ in color and in behavior, too, one pointing forward and the other backward, or, as our tailors put it, one rushing into attack and the other retreating.

"The fur collar is quite original, on one side about twice as broad as on the other. Its pockets seem to have been made for cripples especially: one is higher than the other, and both uneven and crooked. Finally, its buttonholes 'flourish,' that is to say, white calico protrudes from them.

"You may think that I describe a hideous scarecrow in a peasant orchard. But no, this is a true picture of an overcoat 'Model 1931,' made by the Moscow Sewing Trust."

An inspection of the factories of the Moscow Sewing Trust, made by Mr. Kholodkovsky, convinces him that no improvement in the manufacture of overcoats is possible, things being as they are.

Miserably poor cloth, one yard of which differs in color from the other, is supplied by the Textile Trust, he advises us. Besides, the fabric is alternately light and heavy in texture, and the lengths run sometimes wide, sometimes narrow.

HE claims also that the workmen are constantly abandoning these factories, just as they flee from other Soviet plants. The consequence is that inexperienced men have to be taken on to replace them. The managers of these clothing factories, he assures us, confess to him frankly that:

"They have no time to struggle for the improvement of the quality of their production. Indeed, these facts throw a sad light on the perspective of 1932-1933."

Another dark cloud on the Soviet horizon of wearing apparel, it seems, is footwear. A well-known Soviet writer, V. Lidin, tells, also in *Izvestia*, of a visit to the Soviet shoe manufactory in Minsk. This is one of the newly built ' industrial giants," and it produces thousands of pairs of shoes daily for all corners of the Soviet Union. "But what shoes!" Mr. Lidin moans:

"The soles fall off a few days after one has begun to wear them. The back of the shoe is crooked. Its toes are formless and uneven.

"The managers of the factory know very well that the requirements of the Northern Caucasus are entirely different from those of White Russia, that the Western provinces need entirely different shoes than are required in Siberia, and that the foot of the city dweller is not the same as that of the villager.

"Yet all these people, whether they want to or not, are made to wear the one and same model, No. 13. The factory does not go to the trouble of trying to adapt itself to the requirements of its customers: that would be 'spoiling them.'"

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Lawrence of Arabia Turns to Homer

SHAW SEEMS TO THINK HOMER no great shakes. Yet he has spent the leisure of four years making a new translation of the "Odyssey," in spite of his twenty-seven predecessors at the same job.

We speak not of George Bernard but of "T. E. Shaw"—the man who vainly tries to hide under this name the identity of Lawrence of Arabia.

The "first novel of Europe" can hardly have escaped translation into any literary language. Miss Edith Hamilton writes in her recent fascinating "The Roman Way" (W. W. Norton & Company) that "the earliest piece of [Latin] literature we know about is a translation of the 'Odyssey' made at the end of the First Punic War"—five hundred years after the founding of Rome.

Mr. Shaw—we must give him a name, tho it is one of his eccentricities to leave it off the title-page—has paid somewhat dubious respects to his author in his preface. "Wardour Street Greek" is what he calls the original. "Highly disrespectful," according to Mr. Gilbert Murray in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), "that being the street in London famous for the sale of faked antique furniture."

Shaw's defense is that "Wardour Street Greek like the 'Odyssey's' defies honest rendering," and gives the famous old romance some sound cuffing:

"Crafty, exquisite, homogeneous—whatever great art may be, these are not its attributes. In this tale every big situation is burked and the writing is soft. The shattered 'Iliad' yet makes a masterpiece; while the 'Odyssey' by its ease and interest remains the oldest book worth reading for its story and the first novel of Europe. Gay, fine, and vivid it is: never huge or terrible. Book XI, the Underworld, verges toward 'terribilita'—yet runs instead to the seed of pathos, that feeblest mode of writing. The author misses his every chance of greatness, as must all his faithful translators."

"In four years of living with this novel," says Shaw again in his preface, "I have tried to deduce the author from his self-betrayal in the work":

"I found a bookworm, no longer young, living from home, a mainlander, city-bred and domestic. Married but not exclusively, a dog-lover, often hungry and thirsty, dark-haired. Fond of poetry, a great if uncritical reader of the 'Iliad,' with limited sensuous range, but an exact eyesight which gave him all his pictures. A lover of old bric-a-brac, tho as muddled an antiquary as Walter Scott.

"It is fun to compare his infuriating male condescension toward inglorious woman with his tender charity of head and heart for servingmen. Tho a stickler for the prides of poets and a man who never misses a chance to cocker up their standing, yet he must be (like writers two thousand years after him) the associate of menials, making himself their friend and defender by understanding."

But let us get a taste of the new prose version, quoting from the famous episode of the Lotos-eaters:

"On the tenth day we made the land of the Lotos-eaters, men who browse on a food of flowers. We landed there to fill our water-butts, while my crews snatched a meal on the shore, beside their likely vessels.

"As soon as the first hunger for food and drink had passed, I chose out two fellows and added to them a third, as runner, that they might go inland to spy out and inquire what were the human beings there existing.

"Off they went at once and met a party of these Lotos-eaters, who had no notion of slaying my emissaries: instead they gave them a dish of their Lotos-flower. And so it was that as each tasted of this honey-sweet plant, the wish to bring news or return grew faint in him: rather he preferred to dwell forever with the Lotos-eating men, feeding upon Lotos and letting fade from his mind all memory of home.

"I had to seek them and drag them back on board. They wept: yet into the ships we brought them perforce and chained them beneath the thwarts, deep in the well, while I constrained the rest of my adherents to hurry aboard, lest perhaps more of them might eat Lotos and lose their longing for home."

This Is "T. E. Shaw"

And don't call him "Lawrence of Arabia," for that name has "become a great nuisance to him."

THIS version of the "Odyssey," published by the Oxford University Press (New York), is having great success with American reviewers, and readers have already made necessary a third or fourth printing. Shaw's preface is discounted here and there. Lewis Gannett of the New York *Herald Tribune* suspects that he "wrote with his bitter tongue in his cheek," and when he calls *Penelope* "a sly, cattish wife," Sir Gilbert suspects he is "disguising his love in one of the accepted post-war methods."

A strange man is Lawrence, who renounced all his war honors, even his name, and after helping lead the Arab revolt became a mechanic in the Royal Air Force under the name of T. E. Shaw.

He's not English, according to his friend Robert Graves, who wrote "Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure" (Doubleday, Doran & Co.), but "Irish, Hebridean, Spanish, and Norse"—"mixed blood has meant for Lawrence a natural gift for learning foreign languages."

In his personal sketch Mr. Graves thus sets forth Lawrence:

"He is short (five feet, five and a half inches), with his body long, I should judge, in proportion to his legs, for he is more impressive seated than standing. He has a big head of a Norse type, rising steeply at the back. His hair is fair (not blond) and rather fine: his complexion is fair, and he could go unshaven longer than most men without showing it. The upper part of his face is kindly, almost maternal; the lower part is severe, almost cruel. His eyes are blue-gray and constantly in motion. His hands and feet are small. He is, or was, of great physical strength: he has been seen to raise up a rifle at arm's length, holding it by the barrel-end, until it was parallel with the ground—yet no one would suspect him of being more than tough.

"In Arabia he won the respect of the desert fighters by his feats of strength and agility as much as by his other qualities. The pass-test of the highest order of fighters was the feat of springing off a trotting camel and leaping on again with one hand on the saddle and a rifle in the other. It is said that Lawrence passed the test.

"He has a trick of holding his hands loosely folded below his

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breast, the elbows to his sides, and carries his head a little tilted, the eyes on the ground. He can sit or stand for hours at a stretch without moving a muscle. He talks in short sentences, deliberately and quietly without accenting his words strongly. He grins a lot and laughs seldom.

"He is a dead shot with a pistol, and a good rifle-shot. His greatest natural gift is being able to switch off the current of his personality whenever he wishes to be unnoticed in company.

Lederer in "Autumn Crocus"

"Not the face of a man bent on the subjugation of feminine hearts," but "his eyes are what fool the casual observer."

"He can look heavy and stupid, even vulgar; and uses this power constantly in self-protection.

"He avoids eating with other people. Regular meal-times are not to his liking.

"He hates waiting more than two minutes for a meal, or spending more than five minutes on a meal. That is why he lives mainly on bread and butter."

The Cover

WE turn back to Italy for our Christmas cover, where the world's great religious paintings were produced.

Fra Bartolommeo was not only painter but also member of a religious order, and the tender feeling of his "Holy Family" is filled with a religious spirit.

The following is from Edith R. Abbot's "The Great Painters" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.):

"Fra Bartolommeo (1475–1517) was a companion of Piero di Cosimo in the bottega of Cosimo Roselli, and much of his professional work was later done in collaboration with Albertinelli, his fellow student at this time. He came as a young man under the influence of Savonarola, and one of his earliest paintings is the forceful portrait of the great preacher now in Savonarola's cell in San Marco. This association led to his profession as a Dominican monk (1501) and to his exclusive treatment of religious subjects. The influence of Perugino was thus a natural one.

"In 1508 Bartolommeo visited Venice and contact with the brilliant and joyous art of the City of the Lagoons resulted not only in his use of Venetian motives but in an exuberant spirit which increased to the end of his career. Thus he enriched the Umbrian painter's harmonious schemes of composition and varied his religious mood."

Men Fading Out of the Play

IS THE THEATER "RAPIDLY BECOMING feminized?" Whitney Bolton thinks so, and asks "any of our sex-conscious drama-commentators" to dispute him.

In *The Morning Telegraph* (New York) he asserts that "all of our playwrights, men and women alike, are giving all the character and strength to the women's rôles and transforming the men's rôles into pallid shadows."

His first charge is against a woman's play:

"Consider Miss Crothers's new play, 'When Ladies Meet,' or 'I Loved You Wednesday,' or 'Firebird,' or, even, 'Criminal at Large.' In these the boys stand around fingering the knots of their neckties, offering cigarets to the ladies, serving them cocktails, relinquishing chairs to them.

"They are little more than gigolos, parroting a few stray lines of dialog and filling in unimportant chinks in the action.

"The women in these plays and, for that matter, half a dozen other plays, have brilliant color, strong characterization, the major situations revolve about them.

"Force and decision are their possessions, while the puppet men stand around and look silly."

ONE notable exception appears above the horizon. Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus" has become a matinée idol, and he's said to be not at all flattered by the distinction. Almost at once, reports Percy N. Stone in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "he became a set-up for publicity, an object of curiosity, and a gold-mine for the movies." And here is the reason:

"Devoid of make-up, Lederer's face is not the face of a man bent upon the subjugation of feminine hearts, tho that be the conscious or unconscious strength of the old matinée idol.

"He is not what one would pick for a lady's man because of a firm, assertive chin and the thin lips of determination. These two physical attributes combine to indicate a less limited ambition.

"His eyes are what fool the casual observer because they are such an important part of his appearance that one is apt to loiter in contemplation of them and go no further.

"The only person of importance on the stage who could match him in this particular is Laurette Taylor. He has the same great eyes with the peculiarly fascinating lids that always drop to hide half of the pupil behind them.

"Miss Taylor has the advantage of larger irises, which add to the eyes' appeal, for Lederer's hazel circles are small. Were it not for the strong body and the quite unfeminine chin the young man's great eyes would be a handicap. As it is, they seem somewhat out of place in a man's face, but there they are working what the critics believe to be their magic.

"Any one who can remember back to the pictures of Krishnamurti, the young Indian who was heralded by Mrs. Annie Besant as the second Messiah, can get a good idea of Lederer's facial appearance.

"Were the skin of that soft-spoken Hindu bleached into the olive skin of the true Czech, there would be a fair imitation of Lederer. One big difference is in the hair. Lederer's is a tangle of curls, emphasized to-day because his rôle in 'Autumn Crocus' seems to call for an estrangement with the barber. His cheek-bones are high, adding to the impression of tremendous eyes. The magnitude of those eyes, as a matter of fact, throws every other feature into miniature."

IN "Autumn Crocus," to return to Mr. Bolton, "the male is dominant and the response to Mr. Lederer and the play has been gratifying." Then he passes in review some of the current attractions:

"I can't think that the vogue will last, nor that it will continue much longer. The reason for this is not in the debatable popularity of male actors over women, but because so few of our contemporary women players are powerful and flawless and strong enough to make the plays stick. I'll give Miss Judith Anderson her domination of 'Firebird.' It is magnificently earned. I'll give Miss Katharine Cornell any play she enters, for it is hers completely and to the exclusion of any other player in the cast, man or woman.

"Consider the others, if only briefly: is there any woman player in 'When Ladies Meet' capable of carrying the play alone and

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standing out brilliantly in it? I don't think so. Miss Spring Byington is an excellent actress, but not yet a star, nor is Miss Frieda Inescort any candidate for 60-watt bulbs over the marquee. Miss Selena Royle is a satisfying, good actress—not a lone power.

"Miss Rose Hobart is enormously fine, a real actress, making a real performance in 'I Loved You Wednesday.' As impersonally as possible, let me say that alone I don't think she'd strain the resources of a box-office week after week, nor would Miss Frances Fuller. Good players, makers of good performances, even so, they haven't that peculiar and rare magic that fills theaters with the mention of a name.

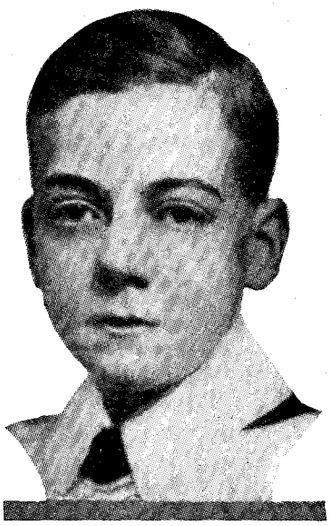
"For that matter, there aren't many actors who could do the trick. It does happen that women audiences react more strongly to actors than actresses unless those actresses be of the Cornell, Anderson, or like stature and importance.

"And here, right at the end, let me offer you 'Chrysalis,' 'Mademoiselle,' and 'Dinner at Eight' as supporting plays for the theory of feminization and, if you still are unconvinced, look at 'Another Language.' Situations, drama, comedy, climaxes, and character build and turn on the women in the cast—not the men."

A Voice That Is Stilled

THE GOLDEN VOICE of the choir boy, Ernest Lough, has gone the way of nature.

He was sixteen when he made the gramophone record of the solos in Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer" that have gone round the world to the number of 700,000 copies.



Choir Boy of Temple Church

Ernest Lough at the time he sang, "Hear My Prayer."

Now he is twenty-one and works in the advertising staff of the gramophone company, and his singing days are reported at an end.

His share of the royalties is only £100 out of the £130,000 cash value of the sales, and the record is reported still a best-seller.

Instead of the fortune speculation has assigned him, the London *Evening Standard* explains the low figure at which his royalties stand:

"When the gramophone company made the record, their contract was with the authorities of the Temple Church, which is under the control of the Master and Benchers of the Middle and Inner Temple. Under this contract all royalties were payable quarterly to the Benchers.

"Altogether twenty-six people cooperated in the making of the record—twelve professional men singers, twelve boy choristers, an organist, and Lough.

"A portion of the royalties was set aside for charity, and the remainder divided among the twenty-six performers. Each boy received half as much as the men, but for purposes of royalties Lough ranked as a man.

"The men received their share of the royalties quarterly; in the case of the boys they were allowed to accumulate. The Benchers were under no obligation to pay the boys at all, and have done so purely as an act of grace.

"When an *Evening Standard* representative saw Lough at the headquarters of the gramophone company where he is now on the advertising staff, he said he was perfectly satisfied with his share of the royalties. He said:

"'I was very lucky to get the opportunity to be the soloist, and it was purely by chance that I was selected. It might easily have been one of the other boys.

"'I have no complaint to make about my share. Why should I be spoiled at the expense of the other boys? As it is I am drawing a man's share of the royalties. None of the boys has drawn his share yet.'

"Lough has now given up singing altogether. For a time after his voice broke he took lessons, but now he is concentrating on his business career."

Opera as "Vitamin A"

OPERA HAS DISAPPEARED from some of our major cities; in New York it survives on short commons.

Yet we are said to be a musical nation; Mr. Henderson of *The Sun* (New York) admits "we are making rapid strides toward a nation-wide musical life"; but "we do not feel the need of opera."

New York, he points out, "having some 7,000,000 humans to draw from, can barely keep an opera-house alive."

Why is this? And here is his answer:

"We do wish to hear music of some kind, but our minds are unmistakably in an inchoate state about it. In the world of music we are naturalized foreigners. We welcome cordially utterly worthless importations because some imported conductor introduces them, and we have no way of determining what we ought to think about a native work which has not yet received the accolade of European approval.

"In the opera-house we are safe. We have had 'Aïda' for nearly sixty years—fifty-nine to be exact—and we know it is good. Mother told us so when we were children. Shall we be listening to 'Peter Ibbetson' sixty years hence?

"Shall we by that time have received opera into our lives as an element in our daily esthetic sustenance? Music has its vitamins. You may classify them as you please—opera, vitamin A; symphony, vitamin B; chamber music, vitamin C, and so forward; but you will never have a balanced and healthy musical life till you take, year in and year out, the right proportion of each.

"In this day and generation opera is merely the imported wine of our meal. It is not indigenous to our soil, and it is regarded as a luxury. It must continue to be so until we become a truly musical people, and that day seems yet to be far off.

"If any enthusiast can show that 15 per cent. of the population of this country loves good music, or that 10 per cent. listens to it intelligently, not making snap judgments based on ignorance or prejudice, the writer will admit that, after all, this is a musical nation.

"If any one can demonstrate that 5 per cent. of an opera audience can give a correct account of the plot and dialog of six principal operas, the writer will confess with humiliation that he has underestimated the sincerity of the public interest in opera. Meanwhile he may continue to suspect that too many people go to the opera because it is 'the thing' to do, and others because they wish to hear the sounds produced by famous voices, no matter what vowels or consonants accompany the tones. When the public here begins to view opera as the publics of Milan, Paris, and Berlin view it the art will get a new lease of life."

MR. HENDERSON reviews conditions to show opera with us is not "democratic":

"An unobstructed view of facts will satisfy any one that a Metropolitan audience consists firstly of society people, taught from childhood to esteem opera as an aristocratic entertainment which must be prefaced by dinner parties, attended in full dress, and accepted as an integral constituent of the season's gaieties. It contains, secondly, representatives of that section of the populace which believes that there is a certain prestige in going to the opera. The rest may perhaps be denominated opera lovers.

"All you have to do to realize how far away we are from being a public to which opera is an essential of musical art is to go to Germany. There opera-goers who are general music lovers are greatly in the majority. Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and the other masters who did not compose world-famous operas, imposed upon the German people the stamp of their genius. Opera is not a passing entertainment in Germany nor a mere pleasure of the socially elect. It is a part of the musical existence of a people to whom music is a lifelong friend."

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Effort for Mission Harmony Starts a New Battle

STALWARTS OF PROTESTANT ORTHODOXY throw the Laymen's report on foreign missions out the window. They reject it because, they say, in effect, it lays the ax to the Cross, dilutes the Gospel, and makes Christ only one of the world's religious teachers.

All the dormant hate between Modernism and Fundamentalism appears to be revived by the epochal findings of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry, and it is predicted that the standards will be unfurled for another such conflict as broke out a dozen years ago if any attempt is made to put them into effect. These findings, reviewed in part in these pages October 22 and November 12, are now published in book form under the title "Rethinking Missions" (Harper and Brothers).

Courtesy of Dr. Arlo Ayres Brown

Speeding Through Burma

To learn at first hand what the missions are doing. Left to right, they are Mrs. Arlo Ayres Brown and Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, investigators, and the Rev. Ray F. Spear, a Methodist missionary.

THE Commission of Appraisal on the report, of which Dr. William Ernest Hocking is chairman, would dissolve sectarian differences and present a united front on the foreign field. It would seek truth in all the major non-Christian religions and cooperate with them against paganism, the common enemy, and it would put the missionary enterprise under one administration.

The churches, says the Commission in effect, have strest creed rather than Christianity. They have been too intent on counting denominational noses, whereas they should have been intent only on presenting Jesus Christ and endeavoring to give effect to His spirit in the life of the world.

Orthodox militants retort that the Commission forgets Christ in drawing on all religions to build up a universal church. Christianity, as they see it, does not need to borrow from any other religion. Christ is greater than Buddha or Mohammed.

"What is proposed," asserts the General Council of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., "is virtually a denial of evangelical Christianity." Summarily rejecting the suggestion that Christianity and the other major religions of the East work together to achieve "unity in the completest truth," the Spiritual Emphasis Committee of the Council states:

"It is appalling that we should have to renew the age-old effort of keeping the Gospel from both adulteration and assimilation.

"The report takes the position that 'the final truth, whatever it may be, is the New Testament of every existing faith. If through growing appreciation and borrowing, the vitality of genuine religion is anywhere increased, the Christian may well rejoice in that fact. He will look forward, not to the destruction of these religions, but to their continued coexistence with Christianity, each stimulating the other in growth toward the ultimate goal, unity in the completest religious truth.'

"That position we can not and must not take. To do so would be to abandon the New Testament position and surrender the only hope the world has of overcoming the insidious atheism and agnosticism of our generation."

IF consideration of the report is to be based on acceptance of the recommendation that Christianity should cease trying to displace the non-Christian religions and of the recommendation for undenominational administrative control, the situation is hopeless, says Robert E. Speer, senior secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

"The Churches," he writes in *The Presbyterian Banner*, "will not, and ought not for one moment to, consider the abandonment of the evangelical basis of missions resting on the conception of Christ as the only and sufficient Savior and Redeemer, the Name not to be classed with any other, and embodying a gospel which is not a search but a full answer to the search of the human soul."

It is an unfounded assumption that a single-group control is best, in the opinion of this virile and vigilant Christian. It is also an unfounded assumption, he says, that men and money would be available for the work on "the basis of the philanthropic and humanitarian motive rather than the evangelical and evangelistic. Furthermore," asserts Dr. Speer, "the whole deeper movement of thought and life to-day is away from a naturalistic humanism to a more courageous and whole-willed acceptance of the supernaturalism of the Gospel of the New Testament, which has dominated the missionary idea and must continue to dominate it."

AS *The Presbyterian* sees the report, it "is an effort of 'Modernism,' for lack of a better word, to check the noble work of evangelical Christians for more than a century. It is an effort to establish something in place of the 'old Gospel' in other lands, as it has been done to a considerable degree in our own land."

"A humanistic philosophy dominates the recommendations," maintains *The Missionary Review of the World* in a sharp criticism. The Appraisers, it says, "apparently fail to see any vital difference between 'religion' in general and the Christian religion in particular; between human ethnic beliefs and practises and the revelation of God through His Son Jesus Christ. As a result they suggest alliance with other religions to combat irreligion. This is unthinkable and unworkable from a Christian point of view."

Deep uneasiness over the Appraisers' recommendations is recorded, too, by *The American Church Monthly*, organ of the High Church party of the Episcopal Church. Portions of the report, it says, "point toward the advocacy of that vague pan-Protestantism which has for some time threatened in the mission field, or even toward the abandonment of direct Christian

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evangelism and its replacement by effort of merely educational, social, and ethical character. It is into this phase that the Protestant missions in the Near East have almost entirely passed."

That stanch defender of Christian doctrine, *The Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist), says the Appraisal Commission "is rationalistic in its entire view-point." And if the members of the Commission "think the time has come when the theological views are no longer considered vitally important, they simply prove that in their scholastic seclusion and isolation they are unacquainted with the majority of Christian people of all lands."

SOME of the suggestions fall into "a vague kind of syncretism" (reconciliation of divergent creeds), thinks the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It does not see how the Christian conception can be presented without attacking the false. "St. Paul," we are reminded, "was courteous and constructive in his sermon to the Athenians, but nevertheless there was an attack on polytheism."

These statements from the Fundamentalist wing of Protestantism would seem to lend credibility to the prophecy of *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) that the report portends a major battle along the old lines. It will be no academic battle of ideas, this time, tho it will bring into play the whole ideology of both traditional and modern thought, says this Chicago journal, and it wonders whether Modernism is ready "to take over so fundamental a function as the long-cherished enterprise of Christian missions."

CERTAINLY there is a real division of sentiment regarding the hundred-year-old enterprise and its function in this modern world. The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church has unanimously pledged its willingness to increase cooperation immediately with the Inquiry Commission, tho this does not signify that the Methodists "by any means swallowed the whole report," says Bishop Francis J. McConnell. It contains, he says, some "very disappointing things."

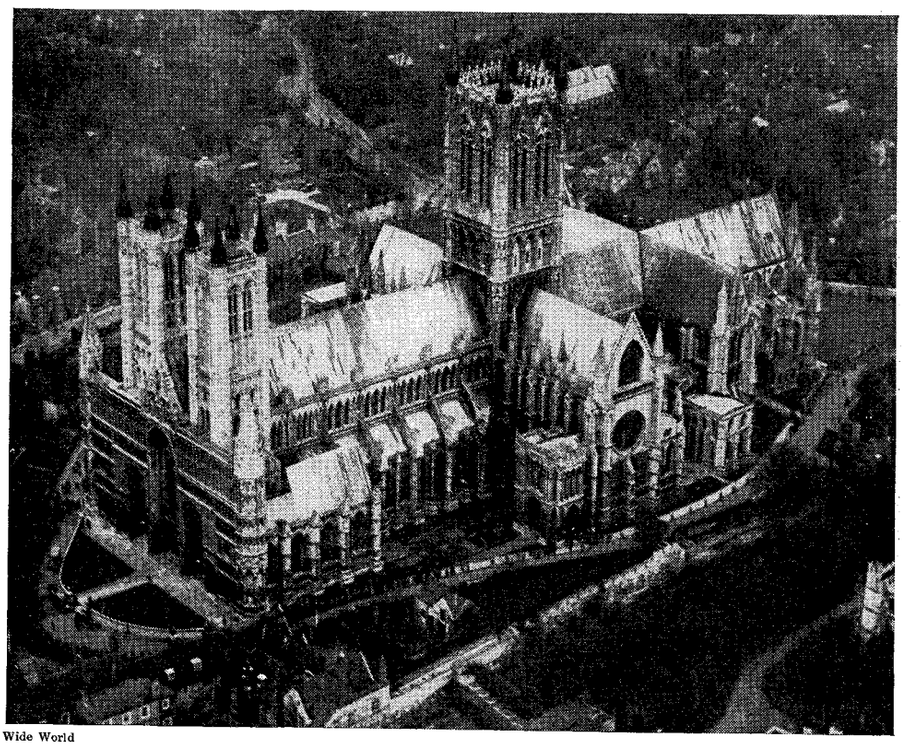
The Baptist believes that the recommendations of the Commission are right. "Their definite demand for greater cooperation and a more unified direction among missionary forces, for the early establishment of truly indigenous and self-governing churches, for a deeper appreciation of the good in non-Christian religions will appeal to thoughtful Christian people."

Frankly angry at the objections to cooperation, *The Churchman*, organ of the liberal wing of the Episcopal Church, flays all those of exclusive creed. Scorning creedal loyalty and "all the rest of the dreary self-assurance which has stultified the mind of Christ in the world and which is blasphemy itself," *The Churchman* exclaims: "What a damning thing has been that loyalty—a loyalty not to the faith of Christ, but to the categories of theologians—Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian! How little conscious they [the theologians] are that the hour for interdenominational warfare has long since passed and that to-day the religion of Jesus itself faces ruthless, efficiently organized, battling opposition!"

The "Queen of British Cathedrals" Restored

"THE MOST PRECIOUS PIECE of architecture in the British Isles" has been restored, and John Ruskin may rest the better.

All Lincoln made holiday when the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary was reopened for worship after eleven years spent in repairing the time-worn fabric; the Duke and Duchess of York were there to represent the King and Queen, and messages poured in from beyond the seas, not the least among them being from the daughter city in Nebraska. The Lincolnshire *Echo* devotes a whole issue to celebrating the event, and *The Sunday Journal and Star* of Lincoln, Nebraska, gives it many columns. The two cities have exchanged flags in token of the link that binds them, and a stone taken from the cathedral rests in the First Plymouth Congregational Church in the younger city.



Wide World

Britain's "Most Precious Piece of Architecture"

Aerial view of Lincoln Cathedral, almost destroyed by the elements and now restored, largely with American aid. The famous cathedral was begun in the reign of William the Conqueror.

MORE than eight hundred years old, time, storm, and earthquake had taken heavy toll of the cathedral, and it was in danger of collapse when the last work of restoration was begun. Three times the tireless Dean T. C. Fry came to this country in search of contributions, and more than half the cost of restoration, £130,000, was given by Americans. Albert Bemis Farwell of Boston, who as a child had visited the cathedral with his mother, gave more than £17,000, and £20,000 was given in the hour of crisis by the Pilgrim Trust Fund, established by Edward Stephen Harkness, of New York, in memory of what Great Britain spent in blood and money in the World War.

Other contributions, from the British Isles, from the Empire, and from other parts of the world ranged from a shilling to thousands of pounds. Tho he was eighty-three and almost exhausted from his efforts, Dean Fry went to Chile in 1929 in search of a few more shillings. He was stricken there, and returned to die in the shadow of his beloved cathedral.

It was exactly twenty years after William the Conqueror

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landed in England that Bishop Remigius laid the ground plan of the first Lincoln Cathedral, adapted from that of Rouen. Three days after the Conqueror's death, in 1092, the church was consecrated. Additions during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries made the cathedral a veritable history of architectural development, from the simple massive Norman through all the Gothic styles.

BUT in 1185 the country was shaken by a severe earthquake, and the "Lincoln Date Book" of that year records that the cathedral was "cleft from top to bottom." The spire on the central tower, then perhaps the highest in the world, was blown down in 1547. In the space of 100 years fire and earthquake nearly destroyed the structure, and architects and builders were hard put to it to keep pace with the wear and tear of time.

When the cathedral was surveyed in 1921 the west wall, ninety-one feet above the general level, was falling away from the towers at a rate of an inch every sixteen days. The tower at the northwest was in so dangerous a condition that the masons almost feared to touch it after the scaffoldings were in place. Yet the work of restoration was completed without the loss of a single life, and one may see again "the devil looking over Lincoln," as the gargoyle on the south porch is known, and the Angel Choir, said to be "one of the loveliest of human works."

The Starry Message

By Kate Randle Menefee

THE hazy roads are thronged on this old earth,
As eager hearts go homeward—Christmas night
Comes on, to bring a gleaming start to birth.
Swift moments, then warm splendor of its light;
And men will clasp a tiny, toddling son,
While mother eyes rest always on the pair
In dreamy thought; and when each task is done,
Two sing a song, and chant a whispered prayer.

The years have drifted down a misty way
Since Magi came along Judean hills;
But love and loyalty live on today,
Like shining wreaths upon our window sills.
O homing hearts, how tenderly you bring
To earth the starlit message of a King!

—*Good Housekeeping, New York.*

Listening for Religion's Last Gasp

IT IS JUST POSSIBLE that the heavenly host, if we may speak for it, is less disturbed over the alleged Soviet plan to drive God from His footstool than are our panicky earthly observers.

Religion has always thrived under persecution.

It should be said in the beginning, however, that Moscow denies any such program as is attributed to its atheists. But the belief persists outside of Russia, and alarm increases.

The latest to assert that the Soviet League of Fighting Atheists, now reputed to have a membership of 5,500,000, has set a deadline for religion in Russia is Stanley High, minister, author, and former editor of *The Christian Herald*. He has no doubt, he writes in the New York *Herald Tribune*, that by May 1, 1937, the date he says has been set, not a single church will be open in Russia, not a priest left to carry on the functions of religion.

The Russian atheists, writes Mr. High, believe they are a part of a world-wide movement away from God. He listened to a two-hour talk by the head of the Society of the Godless in which the latter talked about the "onrushing tide of atheism" in all parts of the world. After making allowances for Communistic exaggeration, says Mr. High, he felt there is too much of apparent fact to dismiss lightly this atheist's prophecy.

For the Soviet statesmen, says Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, vice-president of Georgetown University and Regent of the School of Foreign Service, Washington, there is but one categoric imperative—"Thou shalt communize the world or destroy it." This, says Dr. Walsh in an address before the Women's Club of Holyoke, includes the destruction of religion.

Communism, continues Dr. Walsh, as the New York *Catholic News* quotes him, is itself a religion, and is unintelligible unless its Messianic character is understood. As he describes this religion:

"It would remake the world in image and likeness determined by Moscow.

"It has its Revelation, its Bible, in the three volumes of 'Das Kapital' popularized and made intelligible in the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels; it has its greatest interpreter and high priest in Lenin, whose embalmed corpse, exposed for veneration outside the Kremlin walls, has become Mekka for the faithful.

"It has its doctrines, its commandments, its ethics and its rule of life; it has a sworn missionary in every member of the Communist party throughout the world, and it has its smoking altar of sacrifice, a Five-Year Plan, on which bourgeois civilization shall be immolated. The whole planet is its field of endeavor."

Much depends, says Dr. Lewis Browne, former rabbi, and now a popular writer and lecturer on religion, on whether hard times continue.

If the depression does go on, he says in an interview quoted in the New York *Times*, "the world is fairly sure to turn to a new religion, and it is entirely conceivable that that religion will be Communism." As Christianity was at the beginning of the dark ages, a terrific depression that lasted 600 years, so is Communism now, believes Dr. Browne.

If economic conditions improve, he holds, religion will be allowed to go its own way.

"But if conditions do not improve, then you will find the people groping around until they find something that fits their need and gives them the courage necessary to stand up to life.

"I have a strong suspicion that if conditions keep on as they are to-day Communism will become the world religion, as firmly believed in, as completely accepted, as Christianity was. Karl Marx, a Jew, has supplied the Bible."

HOWEVER, a United Press dispatch from Moscow says that *The Godless One*, organ of the Russian antireligion society, denies that there is a plan to raze all the churches in any set time. In a full-page statement, *The Godless One* insists that full right to religious beliefs and to free worship is granted to the Soviet population, while an educational campaign against religion is carried on to dissuade people from exercising that right. Which, as we read on, may, perhaps, be a distinction without a difference. "Houses of worship are closed," says the statement, "only under the authority of the law which is framed to protect freedom of conscience."

It admits that sometimes excesses do take place and churches are closed illegally.

Houses of prayer and worship may be closed legally, we read: (1) when the congregation voluntarily requests it by open vote in public meeting; (2) when there are not enough worshipers to keep up the premises properly or to use them sufficiently; (3) when churches block traffic or otherwise interfere with public construction or improvement plans; (4) when the premises are considered unsanitary or otherwise harmful to frequenters.

"These tales about supposed five-year plans or other time schedules for 'liquidating churches' are, of course, rotten inventions of our enemies," concludes the statement. "We struggle against religion as against a left-over capitalist ideology in the minds of our workers; we struggle not with force but with education."

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Lapses of Memory

WE ALL HAVE THEM occasionally, especially as we grow older.

When trifling, they do not bother us, but when they are great and cover whole subjects or long periods of time, then we are suffering from "amnesia."

When the victim is a prominent man like Col. Raymond Robins, everybody hears about it, but hundreds of similar cases never become public.

Writes Waldemar Kaempffert in the New York *Times:*

"Since January, 1930, *The Times* has reported sixty-four cases of memory lapses as serious as that of Colonel Robins. There must have been hundreds more of which the press never heard.

"Men and women who forget who they are, and who wander about pathetically—totally new personalities so far as the world is concerned—are commoner than many of us suppose.

"The truth is that we all suffer a little from amnesia or loss of memory. Who has not had the experience of trying to recall the name of a person or place, apparently in vain, only to have it flash up vividly in the mind hours later and for no apparent reason? 'Normal amnesia' the physicians call the phenomenon.

"Luckily we have the power of reconstructing and synthesizing mental records of past events. It is only when the blankness covers long periods of time that amnesia becomes alarming, that we lose all recollection of our real selves, and that we actually develop new personalities.

"Altho they know little enough about the mind and its vagaries, psychiatrists classify amnesias. There are localized amnesias, which affect only certain groups of memories.

"A man may forget how to walk, for example, but not how to crawl or hop; his memory of writing may have gone, but he will still be able to talk.

"Then there are retrograde amnesias, in which it is impossible to remember what occurred immediately before some mental or physical shock. The victim of anterograde amnesia forgets experiences almost as fast as they occur. Paramnesiacs try to fill the gaps in the memory by illusions."

MR. KAEMPFFERT recalls a case mentioned by Dr. Coriot in his "Abnormal Psychology" where a woman found it impossible to recall the signature, date, place, and bank on which a check given two years previously had been drawn. When she was placed in a "state of abstraction" by listening to a monotonous sound stimulus, all the facts were recalled in a few minutes. By means of crystal-gazing it was also possible to produce a vivid hallucination of the check. He goes on:

"Of course the psychoanalysts have their own ideas about amnesia.

"To explain why we forget names, events, and even who we are, Freud invokes automatic censorship, conflict, repression, unconscious activities, and wish fulfilment. Mysticism and demonology thus appear in a new guise.

"If a man forgets who he is or part of his life becomes a blank, Freudians say it is that the wish not to remember blocks the wish to recall. Nietzsche pictures this conflict almost in psychoanalytic terms in 'Beyond Good and Evil.'

"'I did that,' says my memory.

"'I could not have done that,' says my pride.

"Eventually memory yields.

"No one can assert that the cure of amnesia is scientific in the sense that the physician always knows exactly what he is doing and why. Many victims of amnesia either recover their memories of past events spontaneously or have that memory reconstructed for them through a process of association.

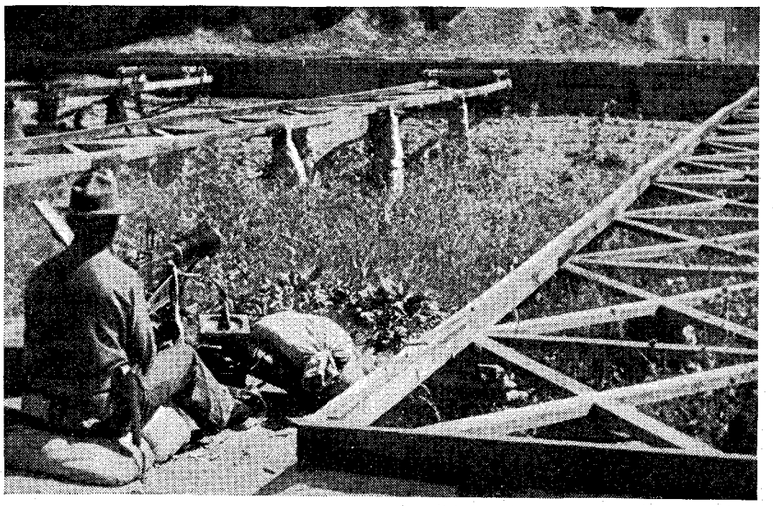
"Forgotten events may be recalled in dreams. This has led the French psychologist, Janet, to conclude that it is not memory but the power of synthesizing past events that is lost in amnesia."

Education by Movie

THE EXTENSIVE USE of the motion-picture in higher education appears to have been first practically realized by the University of Chicago.

Two of the university's pictures, that explain in twenty minutes scientific subjects ordinarily requiring five or six hours of classroom and laboratory demonstrations, were exhibited recently in New York before a large group of educators and scientists. Says Will Whitmore, of the Electrical Research Products Inc. (New York), in a press bulletin:

"The two films, 'Oxidation and Reduction' and 'The Molecular Theory of Matter,' demonstrated fundamental theories of chemistry and physics with methods such as time-lapse and microscopic photography and animated drawings possible only with this medium.



A "Striking" Demonstration: Molecules and Bullets

One of the most forceful demonstrations in the educational picture, "Molecular Theory of Matter," is furnished by the actual recording of the force of machine-gun bullets striking against a steel plate. This steel plate is connected with a gage which registers the force exerted by cumulative impacts of the bullets on the plate. This aids in understanding how the continuous bombardment of gas molecules exerts pressure on the walls of its container.

"The pictures are the first produced under the plan conceived and put in operation by Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the university, and Col. Frederick L. Devereux, vice-president of Erpi Picture Consultants, whereby educational talking pictures will be produced and used as a regular teaching medium in the University of Chicago.

"Each of the subjects, condensed into a film that runs ten minutes, requires for presentation in the university physical-sciences course by lecture-demonstration from two to two and one-half hours of classroom time, stated Dr. Harvey B. Lemon, of the university faculty. Further, preparation of the lecture-demonstrations for each class hour requires from two to three hours of work by a laboratory assistant and an additional thirty or sixty minutes of checking by the instructor in charge of the course. In smaller colleges and high schools, in which the instructor has no laboratory assistants, the films will save considerable time as well as insuring a perfect demonstration of the experiment."

IN the two films, methods of illustration that could not be used in the best equipped university classroom are introduced, Dr. Lemon points out. In "The Molecular Theory of Matter," the bombardment of molecules in a gas upon containing surfaces are likened to the pounding of machine-gun bullets upon a steel plate. The pictures show a gun in action and the effect of the bullets upon the plate. By means of microphotography molecules, in what is known as the "Brownian movement," are actually shown. Liquids turn to gases, and back to liquids, and

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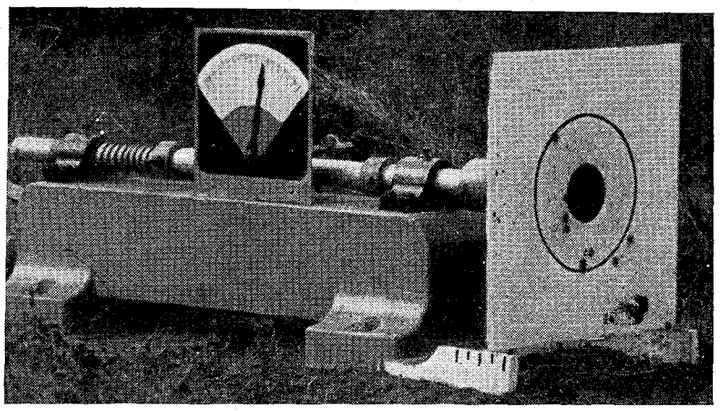
into solids. Water is shown freezing, and many other manifestations of nature occur, all in a ten-minute film. To quote further:

"In 'Oxidation and Reduction,' many examples of chemical processes are demonstrated. To illustrate them more dramatically, to bring them home to the student in unforgetable forms, and to correlate them in terms of every-day life, the picture brings a raging forest fire into the room. An oxyhydrogen torch burns its way through steel plate. Great steel rails are welded, and the operation of a coke oven, impossible in the classroom, is demonstrated by the film.

"In addition to all, the voice of the master teacher is heard synchronized to the action of the picture, explaining every experiment, and putting over difficult concepts which, in the textbook, may be dry and uninteresting.



Where the Bullet-Molecules Hit

The gage tells the force of the blows, and gives an idea of the impact of molecules. A heavy steel plate of special construction was necessary to withstand the machine-gun bullets, and the heavy mounting for the gage and target were specially designed for this picture.

"Pictures dealing with 'Electrostatics,' 'Energy and Its Transformation,' and 'Velocity of Light' will be released shortly and will be followed by fifteen other pictures for use in the University of Chicago's general course in physical science.

"A printed syllabus will be provided for each talking-picture produced. The syllabus for each picture will contain a concise overview of the subject presented, a complete text of the voice continuity of the talking-picture and a description of each scene. Suggestions for classroom procedure before showing of the picture and for discussion after the presentation, as well as topics which logically follow the viewing of the picture and a complete bibliography also are provided in the syllabus."

Cutting Off a "Bleeder's" Arm

A SUCCESSFUL surgical operation of a type usually deemed impossible, the amputation of a limb from a person whose blood does not clot, so that even the tiniest cut is likely to result in bleeding to death, is reported to the American Medical Association by Dr. Alfred Blalock, of Nashville, Tennessee. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"The patient, a man thirty-nine years old, was injured by a motor-truck. Blood transfusions and other emergency measures cared successfully for the immediate results of the accident, but the victim's right arm was injured so severely that gangrene set in, and an amputation became necessary if the patient was to have any chance for life. Knowing that the refusal of the patient's blood to clot would make any ordinary amputation fatal, Dr. Blalock took extraordinary precautions.

"Every strand of muscle or other tissue which had to be cut during the amputation first was tied individually with surgical ligatures. All large blood-vessels similarly were tied. Only the skin and the bone were left untied by the series of ligatures applied to every other structure in the arm.

"In spite of this, blood continued to leak slowly out of the cut tissues for more than two weeks after the operation, which loss of blood was replaced so far as possible by frequent blood transfusions. Finally, healthy skin grew over the wound and the bleeding stopt; leaving the patient minus one arm but still alive, after a wound many times larger than one usually fatal to individuals with this bleeding peculiarity."

First Aid: What Not to Do

MOST OF THE TRADITIONAL REMEDIES that we have been told from time immemorial to use in case of accident are now condemned as worse than useless.

Under this head come lifting an injured person from the ground, rubbing a frosted face with snow, treating a wound with spider-webs, pork or raw onions, and drinking whisky for snake-bite.

Dr. Eugene E. Willison, staff physician of the First-aid and Life-saving Service of the Red Cross, is thus quoted to this effect in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.):

"Ignorance and superstition often do serious harm to persons who have met with an accident. A number of wrong traditions are exposed by Dr. Willison, in *The Red Cross Courier*.

"He warns most strongly against moving the victim of an automobile mishap until the general nature of the injury is learned. If in the way of traffic, he should be shifted gently, but not brought to his feet.

"A Red Cross worker and his wife were in a collision in which she was thrown out on the road. The sympathetic crowd wanted to raise her to her feet and rush her to a hospital in a sitting position. She complained of pains in the back.

"But her husband kept her prone until an ambulance arrived. Then she was carefully shifted. The X-ray disclosed several broken vertebræ which had not been disturbed. In a few weeks she was well.

"Had she been stood up and rushed to the hospital in a sitting position, the broken bones would probably have been displaced so as to injure the spinal cord and cause paralysis and death.

"Every one has heard of rubbing with snow to cure frost-bite. This was found to be positively the worst method by the Byrd expedition. Instead, the affected parts should be gradually thawed by covering with a warm surface, or keeping the victim in a room just above the freezing point.

"It is unwise to shake an unconscious person to induce him to talk. This will not rouse him, and may do him harm. In cases of opium-poisoning, however, the victim should be kept awake."

MODERN surgery is based on keeping a wound absolutely clean. Yet, some people still put spider-webs, cuds of tobacco, or soot on fresh cuts. Raw oysters, salt pork, or boiled onions are even in this day placed on infected wounds "to get the poison out." The old superstition prevails in some quarters that you should put into a dog-bite some of the hair of the animal to ward off lockjaw. Of course, says Dr. Willison, all such substances increase the chances of infection, septicemia, or tetanus. To quote further:

"Drinking whisky or placing a freshly killed chicken on the wound are ancient remedies for snake-bite. The more recent measures of applying ammonia or permanganate of potash are now no longer recommended.

"Even without any treatment, only 15 per cent. of rattlesnake bites are fatal. If a vein has been penetrated by the fangs, death is certain within a few minutes.

"The modern course is to place a tight bandage between the wound and the heart, cut across the fang marks and suck out the blood and poison as soon as possible. Serums are merely an aid and not a substitute for this treatment. The poison is harmless even if swallowed.

"Formerly, when a person was overcome with carbon monoxid, the plan was to walk him. This uses up four times as much oxygen as is consumed when at rest. More oxygen, not less, is needed. This can be pumped into the lungs by the prone-pressure system of artificial breathing taught by the Red Cross. The oxygen tank is also an aid.

"A man who had been under water half an hour was once resuscitated by this prone pressure. The victim is laid face down, and the operator sits on the body, alternately applying and releasing pressure at the small of the back. Thus artificial breathing is produced.

"Nothing is gained by rolling the person on a barrel or shoving the knees to the chest and back in an effort 'to get the water out of the lungs.' All this would do would be to get the water out of the stomach, where it does no harm. If there is water in the lungs, artificial respiration squeezes out some; the system tends to absorb the rest if there is still some circulation."

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$30,000,000 to Gasoline Bootleggers

GASOLINE bootlegging is now a national problem, according to the latest report of the Federal Oil Conservation Board.

That body believes that the Federal Government should collect gasoline taxes, not only for itself, but for consignee States. The board urges no immediate action, but expresses the opinion that it may be necessary if present conditions continue.

Says William Ullman in his Feature Service (Washington):

Gasoline-tax revenues are declining markedly throughout the country this year. Not all of it can be attributed to the growth of bootlegging, of course. The depression is a factor, in that it has resulted in a decline in the number of motor-vehicles registered, and in the more restricted use of their cars by many motorists. Increased State taxes in many cases and the imposition of the one-cent-a-gallon Federal levy on motor fuel also have played their part in the decrease in consumption.

The resultant increase in fuel costs, of course, has played directly into the hands of the bootlegger, and his operations consequently have increased on an unparalleled scale. Like all other forms of illicit traffic, the extent of this one is impossible to measure, government experts declare. That it is costing the States and Federal treasuries many millions, however, is beyond question. Estimates of this cost run as high as from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000.

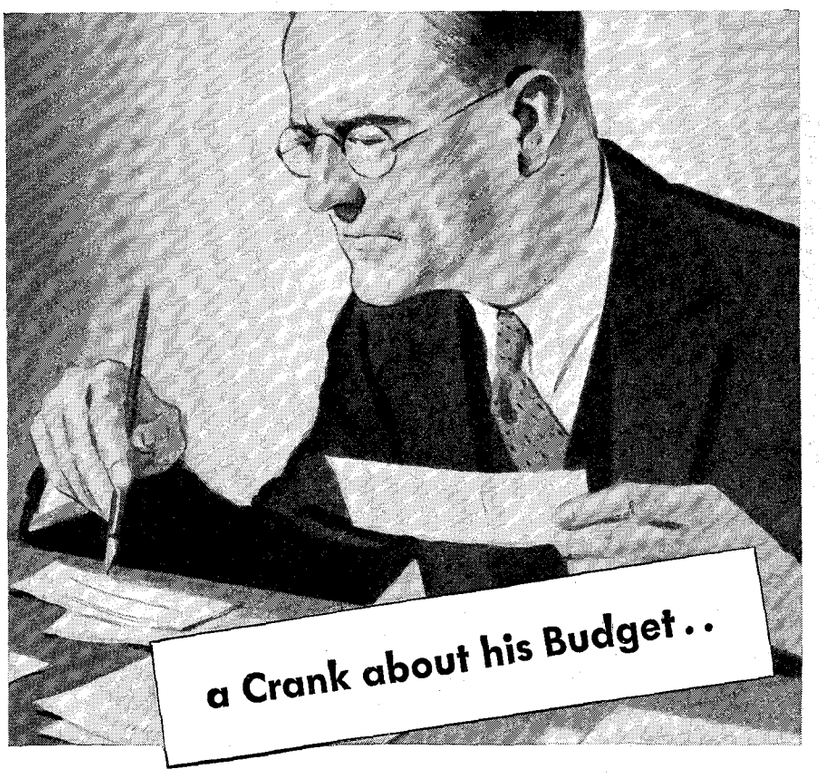
The fuel authority sees the matter in an even broader light than that involved in the loss of revenue to the States. He points out that it has a seriously adverse effect upon business. This grows out of the fact that the tax evader has a margin of profit of approximately three and one-half cents a gallon greater than that of the legitimate gasoline retailer, a circumstance that puts the latter at a distinct disadvantage in his effort to do business legitimately.

The Federal Government as tax collector for the various States is in a position to do more with the evil of gasoline bootlegging than the individual States. Gasoline can do a great deal of wandering about the country before it comes to the area in which it eventually will be used. This circumstance offers an extreme obstacle to the individual State's effort to impose a levy against the fuel, whereas if the Federal Government made the collection it would be imposed at the refinery, the point of the fuel's production. It would obviate the possibility of tax-free gasoline falling into the hands of the bootlegger en route to the consumer.

This proposed program, however, does not envisage compulsory deputization of the tax-collection job by all States to the Federal Government. Only those that desire voluntarily to avail themselves of such a service need do so. Any State with a conviction of its ability to deal effectively with the bootlegger would be given free rein in tackling the job.

Fuel experts, however, are of the opinion that few would be disposed to work single-handed in the light of the experience they now are having. It may be that Federal collection will turn out to be the answer to this growing problem.

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

TAKE your budget as seriously as you please! But you should take your *gums* just as seriously—or *more* seriously!

When you were a child, your gums were hard. But to stay hard and healthy, gums need stimulation. And the soft foods of today don't *give* it to them!

Your gums don't get enough exercise. They have become lazy, touchy, tender. And unless you're luckier than *most* people of this day, you have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" is nothing to be careless about. It can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease. It may endanger the soundness of your teeth.

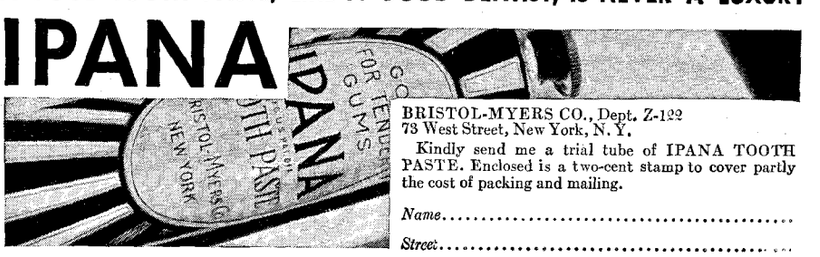
Even if your gums *haven't* reached the "pink tooth brush" stage, you'd better start hardening them back to health.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it twice a day. But each time, put a little *more* Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your gums. Leave it there. Ziratol—the toning agent in Ipana—acts more effectively when you leave it on the gums.

In a few days your teeth will begin to whiten and brighten. In a month your gums will be firmer. Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush!"

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Z-122
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

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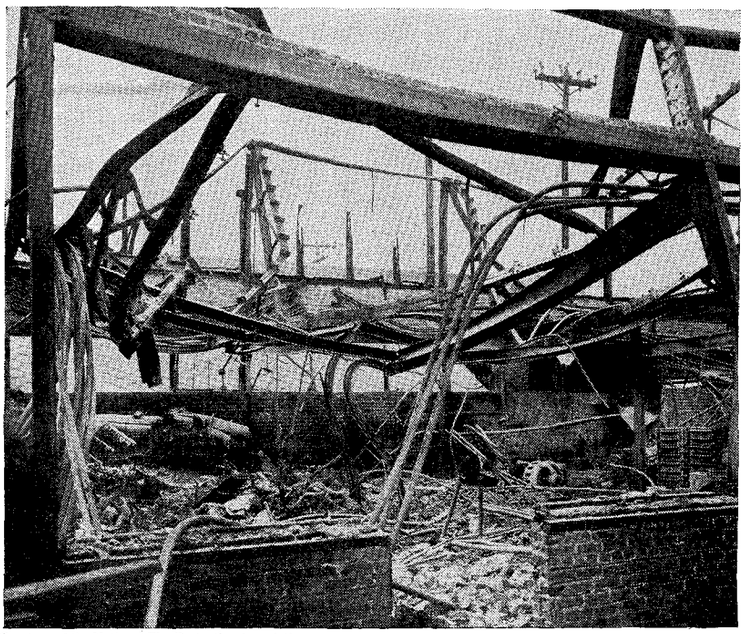
Bonfires in Fireproof Buildings

A PERFECTLY GOOD FIREPROOF structure filled with combustible furniture and fittings is a good deal like a good furnace filled with kindling-wood and coal. The furnace can't burn, and it is built to resist the heat of the burning fuel inside it.

The "fireproof" building can't burn, either, but it is not constructed to resist a raging bonfire within its walls.

Its materials crack, melt, and collapse.



Courtesy of the National Fire Protection Association

But the Building's Contents Were Not Fireproof!

The moral is given by T. Alfred Fleming, of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, in an interview written down by Paul W. Kearney for *The American Mutual Magazine* (Boston). It is that combustible contents need up-to-date fire protection as much as do quick-burning buildings. We read:

"The renting agents doubtless emphasized the safety and the insurance savings to be enjoyed in that brand-new, ultra-modern office building out West.

"In any event, the ten-story structure was soon filled with business concerns who were so imprest with its excellence that none bothered to take out any fire insurance at all.

"The building was splendidly built. And, as far as its structural qualities went, it was thoroughly fire-resistant. Nevertheless, a fire broke out one day in a two-story frame hotel next door; the flames and heat were communicated to the new building via the open windows; and the uninsured tenants lost one million dollars!

"Were those tenants misled? No, indeed. The thing that threw them all off the track of logic was the fact that the contents were not fire-resistant.

"This has happened so often that it is an old story—yet business men are slow to grasp it.

"Such things happen because intelligent business men overlook the truth that the contents of a building can burn even if the building itself can't.

"The Bureau of Standards engineers found that an unmolested blaze in a fire-resisting room would last from one to eight hours, depending upon the quantity of fuel provided. And when you consider that temperatures ranging from 1,778 degrees to 1,859 degrees were attained, it becomes quite evident that such a fire can do considerable damage.

"What chance has the fire-resisting structure when the contents are sufficient to provide a blaze so hot as to cause the concrete to melt and run in rivulets down the columns?

"Bitter experience indicates that this factor merits far more thought than it gets. Of the sixty-five conflagrations experienced last year (costing a quarter of a million or over), some 85 per cent. were in industrial, commercial, or mercantile plants. Unquestionably, a large proportion were good buildings, yet they turned traitor at the critical moment simply because their owners forgot that the best building in the world can't extinguish a fire."

The answer, we are assured, is automatic control—sprinkler systems; where water is not feasible, automatic alarm systems. The further addition of chemical tipping systems; devices for closing fire doors and shutters, shutting windows and stopping fans and operating emergency lighting systems and strategic vents—all these things have just as much reason for existence in the good building as in the poor one. For a fire is a fire wherever there is fuel, and the way to combat that fire is not to just coop it up in a steel-and-concrete furnace, but to kill it quickly. Mr. Fleming goes on:

"The economic situation is directly responsible for the greatly increased number of industrial fires. In the stampede to cut overhead costs, fewer watchmen are being employed. Again, protective signaling system contracts have been canceled or allowed to expire. Sprinkler systems have been discontinued. As a result, innumerable fires have spread to uncontrollable proportions before they have been detected.

"There have been plenty of million-dollar blazes in these steel-and-concrete furnaces to prove the point. The Bush Terminal, in Brooklyn, is an ideal case in point. Over 300 concerns, representing a multitude of fire risks, occupy its 200 acres of floor space. And while those buildings are structurally sound, the fact remains that they have had 260 fires in their lifetime, any one of which might have developed into a second Edison experience.

"Thanks to automatic sprinkler protection, none of them did. And the result is that the total loss suffered by all of the 260 fires combined amounts to approximately $1,000 or *four dollars per fire!*

"Which seems to give us the answer to the question, 'When is a "fireproof" building fireproof?'

"Only when it possesses the means to *fight* a fire as well as the power to resist one.

"When more of us learn this lesson, our bad fires will be fewer and farther between!"

Air-Conditioning as a Spur to Prosperity

AIR-CONDITIONING is opening up a vast field of social and economic betterment.

Now firmly intrenched in industry, it is improving railway operation, is increasing the business of department stores, motion-picture theaters, hotels, restaurants, and other enterprises, and promises to win general adoption in apartment-houses and homes.

Records of department stores, banks, and offices are cited by experts to show that air-conditioning has cut down illness and loss of time among employees. Winter colds, it is predicted, will be reduced, and nerve and bodily fatigue resulting from noise will be less common as air-conditioning becomes more widespread.

These facts were brought out by speakers at a recent symposium directed by the New York Section of the American Chemical Society. To quote a press bulletin issued by the Society:

"Equipment is being developed to make American homes more comfortable in the summer than motion-picture theaters, William L. Keplinger, of the Carrier Engineering Corporation, New York, said. Air-conditioning apparatus within the means of the small home-owner, and needing no trained attendants to operate it, will soon be available.

"The problem of air-conditioning railroad-cars has been worked out so that entire trains can now be equipped without lowering transportation efficiency by drawing power from car-wheels, Herbert K. Williams, of the Safety-Car Heating and Lighting Company, New York, reported. New apparatus uses water as a refrigerant with steam taken from the ordinary train steam lines as power.

"Air-conditioning in drug factories is yielding big returns to manufacturer and worker, William A. Hanley, of Eli Lilly and Company, Indianapolis, asserted. Artificial atmospheres of desired temperature and humidity permit delicate processes to be carried on in factory and laboratory regardless of weather conditions, eliminating losses to owners and workers resulting from seasonal schedules of production."

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Seeing the Invisible

SMOKESTACKS detected by their heat six miles away.

Icebergs found in the fog by their cold.

Uncanny possibilities are hinted in new and improved opportunities for the use of vacuum-tubes.

Some of these were possible of accomplishment by delicate laboratory methods in the past, but apparently were not then adaptable to practical commercial use.

Says *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.), which gives credit to *Electronics* (New York):

Infra-red rays seem to offer the next great field for exploration with electronic apparatus. Navigation, industrial applications, remote control, and safety appliances all present striking opportunities for infra-red detection.

During a recent broadcast demonstration of the Macneil thermo-electric sextant, which can measure the position of the sun through thick, obscuring clouds, the sensitive thermo-couple was pointed out the studio window and used to "feel" heat from smokestacks six miles away. Commander Macneil is now experimenting with locating airplanes flying above the clouds at night, by "feeling" the heat from their exhausts.

This instrument will detect the heat of a man's face at a mile, a horse's at two miles. Smoke-screens will be useless in future wars; war-ships' hot funnels can be located through the thickest black smoke masses, and guns aimed at them easily.

Detection and warning against icebergs will undoubtedly be another service of the future to be rendered navigation. During the broadcast mentioned a cake of ice was hidden in the studio behind a thick sheet of black rubber, to simulate fog, and then all the lights were turned out. Under these conditions, simulating a thick, foggy night, the thermo-couple was swung around the "horizon" and instantly located the concealed "iceberg" there in the dark!

Many potentialities at once suggest themselves for such wonder-working apparatus—as sensitive in "feeling" as the electric eye is in "seeing."

Keep Your Eyes Cool

LONG, continuous use of the eyes should be avoided by a rest at intervals, if only for a few minutes, bathing them then with ordinary cold water from the faucet.

Dr. Sol Rosenblatt explains in "Eye Hygiene and Heat," an article contributed by him to *Hygeia* (Chicago), that it is the heat generated over a long period by excessive use of the eyes that causes them to become tired. He says:

Heat affects the eyes in numerous ways. The heat generated by excessive use of the eyes over long hours, added to the ordinary body heat; of fever repeated over a period of years; the heat of brilliant sunlight or too intense artifical light, and the heat of furnaces over a period of time are detrimental to the function of the eyes.

Nature provides a safeguard in a manner somewhat similar to that of the water-cooled motor. Transparent fluids are circulated within the eye, and the anterior surface of the eye is bathed with fluid coming down from the tear-gland above the eye. The peculiar special function of the eye requires transparency, and excessive heat destroys that quality; the loss of transparency is fatal to the function of that special organ, even tho its form and strength are fully regained.

Would You Be Fat? Take Insulin

INSULIN, well known for its ability to relieve and control diabetes, is now found valuable as a fattener.

It acts, not directly, but by its ability to control the sugar content of the blood.

Sometimes, under its influence, patients have gained nearly a pound a day.

These facts are brought out by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) in an editorial. We read:

Insulin has recently been recommended to make thin patients fat, and the clinical results seem striking. In a few instances as much as from ten to twenty pounds was gained in almost as many days. This effect was apparently due to the improvement in the patient's appetite. Nahum and Himwich of New Haven gave as much as from 45 to 65 units a day to four undernourished but otherwise normal women. They point out, as have others before them, that hunger was greater, and that their patients not only consumed much more food, but did so with relish and gusto.

This effect of insulin on the appetite is probably due to its stimulating influence on the functional activity of the stomach. Bulatao and Carlson, in 1924, first showed that insulin augmented gastric motility. These observations have been amply corroborated during the past few years and found to apply to gastric secretion as well as to motility. The most extensive study of insulin on gastric function has been made by a Belgian observer, La Barre.

La Barre adduced experimental evidence that it was primarily the low blood sugar which increased gastric activity, and that this included not only its muscular but also its secretory activity.

The impulses to increased gastric activity were seemingly transmitted by the vagus nerves, and originated because the blood supply to the brain was low in its content of sugar. Additional proof that the vagus mediated these impulses was shown by their immediate cessation on an injection of atropin.

It is interesting to correlate these observations with the well-known rôle of the vagus in the production of hunger and in augmenting the gastric function. Hunger is perhaps merely nature's way of making known that the blood sugar is low and needs replenishing. If the experiments described are confirmed, the mechanism seems clear. Blood of low sugar content under ordinary circumstances may be able to start impulses down the vagus nerve that stimulate gastric secretion and motility; and it is this, which in turn registers in consciousness the gnawing emptiness, that demands food. Such a mechanism would illustrate anew the well-adjusted and purposeful relationship between chemical, nervous, and psychic states, as well as explain the remarkable effect of insulin on appetite. Appetite is, no doubt, often subnormal, because it is controlled by the ruthless dictates of fashion or because of the mental maladjustment in many instances of malnutrition.

Chicago Man Smokes Same Tobacco For Fifteen Years

Says "Nothing Else Will Do." Can You Better His Record?

One of the biggest things that can be said in favor of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is this: once a man becomes acquainted with the flavor of Edgeworth, he just naturally won't change. For example, take this letter from a Chicago man, Mr. Vonderheidt:

7917 Peoria St.
Chicago, Ill.
May 5, 1932

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Previous to the time when I began smoking Edgeworth it was very easy for me to tell dealers when they were out of a certain kind of tobacco that I had asked for, "Well, give me something else that will do just as well."

But not so after my first can of Edgeworth. My answer then was, "I am sorry, but I must have Edgeworth."

It is over fifteen years ago since I began smoking this fine tobacco. I take notice that dealers are anxious about their supply of Edgeworth running out, because there surely must be others that feel as I do. It must be Edgeworth. Nothing else will do.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for over fifteen years of absolute pipe smoking satisfaction, without the trying of this or that smoking tobacco. Also the fine entertainment you are giving over the radio, which is responsible for this letter to you.

Respectfully,
Henry G. Vonderheidt

Edgeworth is sweet and mellow and slow burning. It is made only from choice quality burley tobaccos . . . aged and blended in Edgeworth's own distinctive way. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it.

The makers of Edgeworth sincerely believe that once a man smokes Edgeworth he will never want to change again. So they will send pipe smokers or prospective pipe smokers a sample packet free of charge. Drop a line to Larus & Brother Co., 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., for your packet and give Edgeworth a trial.

Have you heard the Corn Cob Pipe Club radio program? That is the Edgeworth program Mr. Vonderheidt calls "fine entertainment." It's broadcast over the coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. Listen in, between 10 and 10.30 (E.S.T.) Wednesday evenings, to some good old-fashioned country crossroads entertainment.

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A Great Amateur Champion's Hardest Fight

HE WAS PENNILESS—and the telegram he held in his hand said:

"Guarantee $1,500 for you to fight Mike O'Dowd for middleweight championship of the world."

What should he do? Acceptance meant the solution of all his problems. But it also meant that he would lose his amateur status and be barred from college athletics.

"They Tell Me You're in College," Said Jack Dempsey. "Stick to It, Kid"

In France he, Eddie Eagan, had won the championship of the Allied Armies, but now he was back home, a mere student again, broke and deeply in debt. Should he turn professional and fight his way up to the "million-dollar-gate" class?

THE same temptation had dogged him from his high-school days. He had striven to follow the advice of the first man who taught him how to use his fists. "Always fight just for fun, kid."

Later he heard it again, and, strangely enough, from such famous recipients of huge prize-fight purses as Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. "Don't turn 'pro,'" they said.

To-day, at thirty-four, a New York lawyer, Mr. Eagan looks back contentedly on the arduous climb that finally brought him degrees from Yale and Oxford, and kept him a "simon pure."

For now, as he tells us in an article, "Eagan versus Eagan," in *The Rotarian*, "I'm really just starting my career." If he had turned professional he could not have hoped for more than a few years at the top, at best.

"At times," he writes, "it tested my strength to the utmost to refuse outstretched purses and to close my ears to the flatteries of well-wishers, not to mention concrete propositions from such well-known fight promoters and managers as the late Tex Rickard, his British counterpart, the late Peggy Bettison, and Jack Kearns, Dempsey's old manager." But he always remembered the counsel of his first adviser:

> The pint-sized, bow-legged cowboy, who first awoke in me an admiration for the science of fisticuffs, and who for two years taught me all he knew of the game, was also a wise and far-seeing counselor. Parting from his devoted pupil on the eve of my entering high school at fourteen, he told me:
>
> "You're a good scrapper, Eddie, but don't be a mug and go pro. Stick to your books and get brains. Fighting is fun so long as you take it for just that. With pros the money comes easy and goes easy. Eddie, my boy, always fight just for fun."

A few years later my head was swelled by winning a tournament championship in the Denver Athletic Club bouts. Backslaps and the congratulations of my schoolmates distracted my mind from study. A diplomatic high-school principal saved me from myself by challenging me to a bout with books—with a scholarship at Denver University as the trophy. I won, and that scholarship helped me win the first victory over recurring temptations to turn professional.

I'd defeated the champion of the mining camp at Cripple Creek in six of the hardest rounds I'd fought up to that time. After my victory a caller came to my dressing-room, a dapper, keen-eyed promoter named "Silver Fox" Linehan.

"Sign up with me as your manager and we'll clean up, was the gist of his persuasive arguments. The flush of victory was still upon me. In Cripple Creek's biggest theater a mob of fight fans was waiting to congratulate me. My pockets were empty. Back in Longmont my mother and brothers, desperately poor, could use any money my fists might earn.

Was it fair to them *not* to turn professional? I think my scholarship decided me. If I turned pro, I'd be barred from athletics at Denver "U." And, so, I said "No." That sounds easy, doesn't it? I can only say it wasn't.

A YEAR later Eagan absorbed a few of Jack Dempsey's punches. He explains:

> I'd won two more D. A. C. championships when spring rolled round. My victories made me cocky, the plaudits of fellow students were once more inflating my head. I was matched against Dempsey for a Red Cross benefit. It was 1917. Jack then was but one of many contenders for Jess Willard's crown.
>
> In my own exalted opinion of myself I thought I could kayo him. All I will say of that match is that Jack absorbed my best punches at the start.

Illustrations by courtesy of *The Rotarian* (Chicago)

"You Don't Know What a Champ Has to Put Up With," Said Gene Tunney to Eddie Eagan

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That was the time when Dempsey hummed a tune. Mr. Eagan told that part of it the other day at an alumni dinner in New York. We interrupt his *Rotarian* narrative to insert some comments by George Daley, of *The Herald Tribune's* sports staff. He tells us that the college boy felt affronted when Dempsey was warned "to go lightly with his punches," so—

Quickly deciding not to pull *his* punches, Eagan stept in and crossed his right with all he had. The blow landed. Dempsey shook his head and began to hum a tune. It went: La, La, La; Ta, Ta, Ta—Bang!

Let Mr. Eagan tell it: "I crashed back against the ropes, hung there a moment, collected my wits, and put up my hands, only to hear Dempsey humming again: 'La, La, La, Ta, Ta, Ta—BANG.' The lights seemed to go out, but on coming to myself Dempsey was holding me up and whispering in my ear: 'Now behave yourself and let's do a little boxing.'" And, Mr. Eagan added: "That taught me one of the biggest lessons of my life."

It follows, of course, that Dempsey, no doubt the best heavyweight of all time and certainly the most dynamic, was most dangerous when humming a tune. He resorted to popular airs to perfect his timing.

HERE we return to Mr. Eagan's *Rotarian* account:

He nursed me through three of the longest rounds for which I ever managed to stay upright. Then, fine fellow that he is, he taught me some ring tactics from his own experience and encouraged me in my first ambition.

"They tell me you're in college," he said. "Stick to it, kid. I wish I had your chance. The professional gets darned little money and lots of punches."

After he collected his big early gates as champion he confirmed what my first instructor had told me.

"Eddie, it's the bunk," he said. "When your manager has taken his share and you've paid other expenses, there isn't so much left. You've got to live up to popular expectations as a public character, too. You could tip a bell-boy a dime for mailing a letter. I'm the 'champ' so the least I can tip is a dollar."

And so Eagan pounded away at poverty, altho "such fantoms as million-dollar gates and the roar of the crowd" persisted in bedeviling him. He continues:

I won the middleweight title of all the Allied armies, but I was broke because I'd had to work my way through school and as a reserve officer, only I was on an inactive-duty status without pay. I received many offers to fight for money but the real test awaited me when I returned to college.

What little money I had left was stolen from me on the boat returning. I was literally penniless. Harry Maloney, coach of the Army athletic team in France, offered me shelter under the roof of the Hotel Astor in New York City.

It was here, "when things were darkest," "that he received a telegram from a well-known promoter offering him a guaranty of $1,500 for a fight with Mike O'Dowd for the middleweight championship of the world. In that yellow paper," he tells us, "lay the solution to my most pressing problems," and we read on:

I was tempted greatly. But I knew that if I accepted the offer it would commit me to a pugilistic career. I could no doubt advance into the heavyweight class. I might become heavyweight champion of the world.

Then what? Ten years, perhaps a little more, of big money, of fame, of admiration, the plaudits of the crowd. But after that, what? *Ex*-champion is something else again.

So I again made a decision.

A few days later I was notified I had been awarded a Knights of Columbus scholarship. Earning an incidental living was easy. I'd done that since high-school days.

SEVERAL times more did the same old temptation assert itself, until Gene Tunney helped him make his final decision. Continuing:

When I won the light-heavyweight championship of the world in the Olympic Games of 1920, the following year I was again besieged with offers. A few years later, after I had won the amateur heavyweight championship of England while attending Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, I was finding it difficult to pay all my expenses with the £360, the yearly allowance for Rhodes scholars. At that point Peggy Bettison tempted me with a thousand-pound purse for one fight. It was hard to refuse! On top of that, Tex Rickard urged me to jump over the fence so that he might book me in Madison Square Garden.

It was Gene Tunney who helped me make my final decision. I'd first met Gene in France. Ever since we've been close friends. At the time he had just won the championship from my other friend, Jack Dempsey. I had just returned from a trip around the world, where I'd been knocking over amateur and professional champions on every continent. But I wasn't thinking of fighting when I disembarked. My first objective was to pass the bar "exams."

But in the meantime I had looked up former fellow students at Oxford. I thought they'd be going great guns. Without exception they were struggling for a foothold. Most of them were poor.

I could use a financial nest-egg to advantage. College athletics were behind me. I'd fight until I had a bank-roll. If results were encouraging, if I was as good as I thought, I might go on to the top. It was in that mood I talked to Gene.

"It's not worth it, Eddie," Gene protested. "You don't know what a 'champ' has to put up with until you are one. It takes lots of fights to get to the top, and then it's a matter of luck.

"At your age are you ready to go through the mill? You wouldn't start at the bottom, it's true, but the bees are busiest around the top of a honey-jar. There are plenty ahead of you. Maybe you can lick 'em all, only remember the better *you* are the harder you'll find it to get matches with the top-notchers. They aren't anxious to risk slipping down the ladder.

"If you were broke and with no other talent I'd not only advise you to turn pro, I'd help you get matches. You're ready to tackle law. It won't help your career a bit to take up professional boxing. No, Eddie, the fight game is not for you."

He convinced me. And I partially repaid him by helping him train for his second fight with Dempsey. That really ended my ring career, tho I still fight for fun. But as I said in the beginning, and I hope I've proved my point, my hardest fights have been outside the ring—Eagan versus Eagan.

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His Majesty the Jazz King Who Enjoys the Last Laugh

SNATCH THE DERBY OFF THE TROMBONE and toss it to the ceiling in honor of Victor A. Meyers, the Seattle jazz-band leader who ran for Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Washington.

For he got the votes, he won the office!

Beat the tom-tom, flip the cow-bell, scuff the zither with the whisk-broom, and crash into a crooning chorus for the candidate who was coaxed into political life as a roaring joke, a burlesque, a satire on the ballyhoo methods of the day, a harlequinade on electioneering—and who stayed in it to capture the second highest post of executive authority in the State.

A little band of practical jokers—newspaper men stretching and yarning "after the last edition is put to bed"—are credited by the Seattle *Argus*, a weekly journal, with having started Band Leader Meyers on his conquering political career.

His election, *The Argus* says, according to the Associated Press, is the "aftermath of a jest," thus:

Last January, the Seattle *Times*, as a protest against the inferiority of candidates for municipal offices, decided to view the campaign lightly, and make sport of its absurdities.

The Times decided to enter its own candidate in the mayoralty race, and Meyers was called on the telephone and told:

"If you'll hurry down to city hall and file for Mayor, we'll spread your name all over the first page of our last edition to-night."

Then for the next thirty days newspaper readers throughout the land were amused and entertained by *The Times's* sardonic jest.

Nine other candidates cringed as they saw their extravagant campaign promises parodied in a series of daily articles appearing under the by-line of Vic Meyers (but actually written by able Reporter Doug Welch).

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Lieutenant-Governor Meyers at Hard Labor in His Profession

Almost a promise a day was forthcoming from the Meyers's camp. Samples: Hostesses on street-cars; flower-boxes on water-hydrants; cracked ice on midnight street-cars.

The *Times* "jokesters" found their candidate tractable, eager to lend himself to any and all farcical plans to "build up" the jest.

To a business-club luncheon went Meyers, drest as Mahatma Gandhi. In a street parade Meyers rode on an old-time beer-truck.

BUT altho the Meyers candidacy remained a joke throughout the campaign as far as *The Times* was concerned, it was not so with Bandmaster Meyers, we are told. On the contrary:

Infected by the bite of the political bug, the harmony candidate, as he was then called, began a series of campaign speeches, mastered a number of three-syllable words, and begged the electorate to make him Mayor of Seattle.

He received a handful of votes.

Despite his defeat, the virus of the political "bug" remained strong, altho *The Times* dropt its interest in him.

Last summer, Meyers filed his widely-known name for Lieutenant-Governor, ran in the primaries against little-known Democratic opponents, and won a comfortable plurality of the Democratic primary vote.

Thereupon followed the aftermath of the jest, at election time.

Thousands of voters, intent on the election of Democrats to major State and national offices, voted a straight Democratic ticket. Meyers was swept into office with a small but adequate majority, to the confusion of, among others, the Seattle *Times*.

In another column of *The Argus*, says the A. P. account, a special writer points out that both of Washington's previous Democratic Governors died in office, to be succeeded by the Lieutenant-Governor serving under them.

Kentucky's Ancient Minstrel Wanders Afar From His Folks

"I'M GOING TO ENGLAND," said Jilson Setters mildly, "to play some tunes for the folks over there."

Some of the tunes he will play date back to Shakespeare and beyond.

The words he sings to them are in the present-day dialect of the Kentucky mountains, but it is the English of an olden day, with idioms of Chaucer, for instance, no longer heard except among the simple folk to whom Jilson Setters, the old fiddler, is almost like the "Last Minstrel" of Scott's poem.

How Mr. Setters came to undertake such a long journey at the age of seventy-four is told by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* in an editorial following his arrival in New York. He is to be one of the performers, it seems, at the National Festival of Folk Song in London on New Year's Eve. The old man's trip is being made under the auspices of the American Folk Song Society.

His people sing not only their ancient English folk songs, but, "in many score years of isolation, have developed much folk music of their own." And we learn that—

Jilson Setters, of Lost Hope Hollow, comes from a long line of mountain fiddlers. He plays by ear, as do all mountain musicians, but knows all the old tunes, and has composed several after ancient patterns.

Perhaps his long journey may serve to interest not only England but America in making imperishable records of the folk music and lore in the Southern mountains. There is still a vast amount of such buried treasure in those hills, but it can be reached only through the rapidly vanishing type to which Jilson Setters belongs.

"THE last of the Kentucky troubadours," he is dubbed by Thomas Sugrue, who gives us in the New York *Herald Tribune* a graphic account of the arrival in New York of "the only left-handed fiddler who does not reverse the position of the strings on his instrument to suit this eccentricity." (*The Ledger* calls him a "southpaw fiddler.")

Emerging from a Pullman car, he "looked darkly on the roaring terrain of Seventh Avenue." Thus Mr. Sugrue, who goes on to quote some of the ancient minstrel's remarks on his forthcoming voyage to England:

"Most likely I'll see a king, or a prince. I'm just totin' my fiddle along and a extry shirt and pair o' jeans. Reckon I won't be gone too long." He snatched his ancient suit-case from a porter.

"No, I didn't bring an overcoat. Ain't got one. 'Cose it's cold. Folks in the hollow was all burrowed in when I left."

Outside, New Yorkers were sinking into the necks of their ulsters, and Miss Jean Thomas, the old minstrel's discoverer and guardian, shuddered as she looked at his tall, thin frame.

"Come along," she said, "we'll borrow a coat to get you home."

A few minutes later Mr. Setters, immersed in a raccoon coat, emerged from the office of W. H. Egan, the stationmaster. Mr. Egan said it would be all right so long as the coat came back in time for him to wear it home, and with the pact sealed verbally Mr. Setters was carefully deposited in a taxicab and taken to Miss Thomas's apartment at 17 East Eighth Street. There he settled himself in a straight-backed chair, crossed his left leg over his right, and seemed to sleep.

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He was born, we are told, in a cabin in Lost Hope Hollow, that has been occupied by his family for more than 200 years. Further:

He was blind at birth and could not see until four years ago, when a surgeon in Ashland, Kentucky, induced him to brave the superstition of his people and have the cataracts removed from his eyes. Then, for the first time he saw his ten children and his wife.

"She was just like I reckoned she'd be," he said softly. "Hair all gold an' ears soft as a fawn's."

He had never been more than twenty-five miles from the place of his birth, he could not read or write, and he spoke the soft, musical language of his ancestors, a dialect heavy with Elizabethan idioms and Chaucerian and Anglo-Saxon words. He grew up in the fastnesses of the highest mountains of eastern Kentucky, and he knew of the outside world only by hearsay. He knew the mountains were beautiful, because he sensed them, and the sun was good to feel upon his face and hands.

His grandfather, after whom he was named, was a fiddler and a singer, and young Jilson decided to follow in his footsteps and earn his bread "by the songs in m'heart, 'stead o'the sweat on m'brow."

"I had a hankerin' after music," he said, "so granpappy bought me this fiddle here when I was a young 'un. I never knew no music. I just heared the tunes and played 'em."

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"He Knew Only the 'Anshunt Tunes' "

So, from his youth, he wandered about the hills, relates Mr. Sugrue, "playing and singing at 'infare-weddings,' 'gatherin's,' 'corn shuckin's,' and 'play parties.'" And the story runs on:

He knew only the "anshunt tunes" that were handed down from one generation to another; songs that had come over to Virginia and into the Kentucky mountains during the reign of England's merry monarch, Charles II.

There was a tune about the king called "Prince Charley," and others concerning the royalty, such as Lord Bakeman," "Lord Lovell," "Lord Thomas and Fair Elender," "The Noble Duke," and "Two Sisters." And there were the folk tunes of the mountains, "Lovely Nancy," "Paper of Pins," "William Riley," "Damon's Winder," "and "Brisk Young Farmer."

After he gained his sight he took his first train ride, and came to New York to visit Roxy (S. L. Rothafel). That was four years ago, and he hurried back to his cabin of hand-rived oak, breathing manifestoes against further voyaging.

But now it is different. He is the last troubadour who knows the "anshunt tunes," and it is his duty to take them back to the place whence they came.

Under the auspices of the American Folk Song Society, which Miss Thomas founded in 1931, he will visit the National Festival of Folk Song in Albert Hall, London, on December 31, and return the treasures his ancestors took away with them hundreds of years ago.

He has also composed a folk tune, "London Town," which he will present to his cousins as interest on the loan. Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard, has pronounced the tune a classic of American folk music.

Mr. Setters is ready for his first sea journey, we are assured, and there seems to be ample evidence that he will lack nothing of importance to his happiness. For instance, we learn with relief that—

He has his corn cob pipe, his gourd, the violin case presented to him by Gov. Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky, and his fiddle, which he carried wrapt in a black oileloth "poke."

There is also his extra shirt and trousers, and the quilt which his grandmothers made of home-made cloth.

The old troubadour has one regret, we are told, and this is it:

He will not be at home to play "lonesome tunes" at the Lost Hope Hollow Christmas celebration, which takes place on January 6, following the Julian calendar. The Gregorian calendar, according to Lost Hope Hollow folk, is just a modern innovation, and not at all correct.

"If you go out o'doors at midnight of January 6," said Mr. Setters, "the cowbrutes will be a-lyin' down and the nags a-neighin' soft to greet the new-born king."

Mindin' His Ain Skin.—Geordie was on his first leave after joining the Northumberland Fusiliers. "Hullo, Geordie," said a friend. "Wey, man, ye should ha' joined the cavalry."

"Nee for me," Geordie answered. "Ye see, Ah figured it oot like this. Suppose we war in a battle, and the bugler soonded the retreat. Wey, Ah can tell ye Ah divn't waant t' be bothered wi' nee bloomin' horse."—*Ashington Collieries Magazine.*

What makes you COUGH?

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How Dots and Dashes Give Eyes to Blind Flyers

BLANKETED BETWEEN CLOUDS AND FOG, with no gleam of guidance from earth or sky, the up-to-date air pilot "rides on a radio beam"—to safety!

With his telephone headpiece ticking into his ear the identifying signal pouring in a steady stream from the next landing station, he finds his way "blind" as surely as if his eyes were glancing over a well-known landscape in broad daylight. Something of it has been told here before, but now we have more details, and interesting ones, too.

It's one of the latest triumphs of practical aviation, and "it is being done every day, every night, and right over our heads," says Allan A. Barrie in *Western Flying* (Los Angeles).

The Federal Airways System, according to Mr. Barrie, "represents the nerves of American aviation, a network of approximately 19,000 miles of lighted and radio-equipped airways that makes flying by day or night almost as certain as following the glistening steel of a railway or the marked and fenced border of a highway." He adds:

The entire set-up of radio beams, revolving beacons, airways weather-broadcasting stations, course-markers, and intermediate landing-fields is staggering in its entirety.

Each of the nation's sixty radio-range beacons shoots a guiding finger in four directions at the same time.

Illustration from *Western Flying* (Los Angeles)

Riding on a Radio Beam

HERE Mr. Barrie invites us to take a ride on the beam. Let's go:

Suppose we are flying at 8,000 feet from Los Angeles toward the radio-range station at Fontana, at the south end of Cajon Pass.

We put on the headphones and hear from Fontana a dash-dot, an "N" in Morse code. It shows that we are too far to the right of the center of the beam.

As we swing to the left, the dash-dot slides into a steady dash, or a continuous monotone signal of about twelve seconds' duration. This signal is interrupted five times a minute by the station-identifying signal, dot-dash-dot.

When the dash or buzz is continuous, we know we are headed right for the beacon station and a Department of Commerce landing-field.

The beam is approximately seven to ten miles wide, 100 miles from the station, and narrows down to a few feet as we approach the field.

Now, inclining to the left, we hear the steady signal break, this time to a dot-dash, letter "A" in Morse code. The signal gets louder as we approach the beacon; then breaks off. The interruption tells us that we have flown into the cone of silence above the station, and that the station is directly below.

In the event that we can not see the ground but know that the ceiling and visibility are sufficient, we can glide down through the fog and land at the field. But instead of landing, let us continue through Cajon Pass by turning to the left and picking up the beam that leads out toward the desert.

As we go out on this beam with the station now behind us, the dash-dot will again be on the right side and the dot-dash, A, on the left side, with the continuous buzz, as always, in the center.

This north beam suggests a southwest beam from Daggett in the vicinity of the Baldy Mesa intermediate field, located at the top of the Cajon Pass.

The course here changes from northwest to northeast toward Daggett. The change in direction is indicated by what is known as a marker beacon, which gives out a signal of three sharp dots and can be heard for a distance of three to six miles from the station.

A radio-marker beacon is operated on the same frequency as that of the radio-range course on which it is located. This simplifies beam flying by indicating the exact intersection of two beams. Here our radio can be tuned to the next station and the compass changed to the new beam, all without losing a moment's time and without wandering a mile off the course.

"THE mail has actually been flown through rain and clouds, blind, for more than two hundred miles," Mr. Barrie tells us, pointing out that "radio-beam and instrument flying are the most recent additions to airline flying, and high hopes are held for the future." And he reminds us that—

At night, we also use revolving airway beacons. They are especially helpful in bad weather when it is necessary to fly close to the ground with limited visibility.

Imagine yourself in the cockpit, flying in a snow-storm at night. The ceiling is coming down and the visibility is getting short. The four or five beacons and blinkers which you have been watching ahead and behind have gradually blurred out, and only one ahead and one behind are visible. Even these are beginning to get yellow and fuzzy.

The situation is probably this:

The next field is five or six miles away, and you are going to make it if you can. You have probably just passed a beacon with a red course light and you know that ahead you must see a blinker, a revolving beacon with a red course light flashing "D," another blinker, and another revolving beacon flashing green, located 200 feet from the southeast corner of the landing-field.

These thoughts run through one's head much more quickly than it takes time to tell.

You get to the next beacon with the red course light, and still are 100 feet off the ground by the altimeter. Since blinkers are not as bright as the beacons, it is possible that the next blinker will not become visible for a few moments after you have passed the beacon.

You reach the blinker, pass it, and look back to be sure it does not fade out before the green beacon appears.

When you see the green flashing beacon, you fly directly toward it, because you must fly around and look at the wind sock to determine the direction of the wind before landing.

The beacon is fifty-one feet high. Circling the field for a landing, we dare not go any lower for fear of striking telephone wires. We land over the green boundary lights and taxi to the house at the beacon tower.

The house contains blocks for the wheels, ropes and pins to stake the ship down, covers for motor and cockpit, gasoline and oil, and most important on a cold night, an electric stove.

Yes, He Was in Demand

A man applied to a famous film producer for a super's job. Like so many other supers in Hollywood, he had had no work for weeks.

"Well," replied the magnate, "I might be able to use you. See me in a month's time."

"If you want me at all," replied the actor, "you'd better put me on the pay-roll right now. There are a lot of other companies after me."

"Yes?" answered the director, who had often heard that remark before. "And what companies are they?"

"Well," said the actor, "there's the light company, the gas company, the telephone company, and—"

The director laughed and the man was put on the salary list.
—*Montreal Star.*

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More Gold—and What It Means

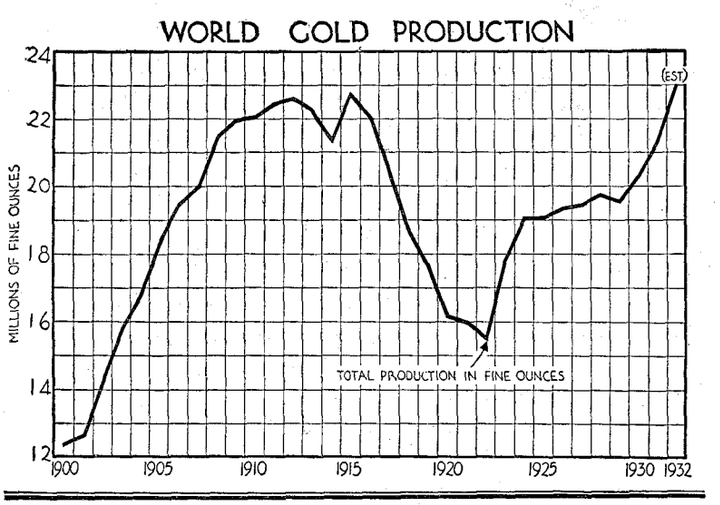
"GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS" draws thousands of our unemployed to the old workings in the Rockies and the Sierras.

Hundreds of Australians are gambling with death in a mad rush for wealth in the desolate Central Desert of Australia.

From all the gold-fields of the world come stories of increased production.

On the New York Stock Exchange, Homestake Mining steadily bucks the bear market, rising consistently on the strength of the best earnings in the history of one of the oldest and largest gold-producing properties on our continent.

Just as bimetallism and currency inflation are being seriously considered even in conservative quarters, the entire situation, writes Homer Dodge in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, "has been altered by the prospect that this year will show the largest production of new gold in all history, an emergence from hoarding of hidden gold supplies, and a lower price-level enabling such gold as exists to go farther in supplying a necessary credit structure." And so, we read on, "whole fabrics of reform will fail because the necessity which evoked them has been exorcised by this new accretion to the world's gold."



From *The Magazine of Wall Street*

IT is now estimated, so the Cambridge Associates of Boston report, "that gold production for the full year 1932 will be equivalent to $476,000,000; this is an increase of 7.7 per cent. from the levels which obtained in 1931, and an even more marked increase from the levels of 1930."

"The most constructive force now at work in the world is the intensive search for new sources of gold supply," we read in a bulletin of the investment house of Frazier Jelke and Company:

> More miners are prospecting the hills, panning the rivers, and exploring frontiers for gold than ever before. Eventually they might find another Rand, another Klondike.
>
> When production of new gold begins to rise rapidly, the price of gold will decline, and all other commodities will correspondingly rise. Nothing, therefore, would do more to hasten recovery than a sudden and rapid increase in gold production. It will come, because a concentrated effort is being made to bring it about; perhaps not in 1933 or 1934, but eventually.

While it has always been assumed that the discovery of gold-fields pulled us out of the last century's depressions, *The American Banker* thinks it interesting to consider to what extent the depressions caused the discovery of the gold-fields. This paper reflects on reported new strikes in South Africa, Canada, the Rockies, and in Venezuela, "where a lucky prospector found two thousand ounces of gold, worth over $40,000, in a week."

RECENT reports show increasing gold production this year from almost every important gold-producing country in the world, with the production increasing faster in the United States than in any other country. South Africa holds its lead as the biggest producer, with Canada second. Press dispatches tell of expanding mining activities in Ontario, Canada, in the Philippines, in the Belgian Kongo, in Russia. The new gold-field just discovered in Australia may contain enough gold, according to a Chicago *Tribune* dispatch from Sydney, to pay off Australia's $5,000,000,000 debt.

Dr. David Friday, the economist, in a recent speech, pictured the possibility of the addition of more than one billion dollars of new monetary gold to the world's supply by December, 1933, and an actual oversupply within a few years. Reflecting on the Friday prediction, and also on the fears of the League of Nations Gold Commission, a while ago, that there might be a serious shortage, the Brooklyn *Eagle* sees no particular reason for worrying either way. For one thing, there are the reports of increasing production which is likely to continue for some time. And as for the danger of oversupply:

> The yearly output of this metal hardly adds 4 per cent. to the known total of its monetary supply. It is as if the year's wheat crop, instead of being consumed, were simply to be piled up with the crops of a hundred or so preceding years; in which case evidently a single short crop would not cause any great scarcity, nor a bumper crop a glut.

BUT the Washington *Post* insists on doing a little worrying. It understands that the Rand mines will be worked out in a few years, and that while, of course, new fields may be discovered, here "the engineers are not very optimistic".

Gold is the easiest metal to discover. It is usually deposited in quartz which resists erosion, and is therefore frequently exposed above the ground. For this reason practically all of the great gold-fields of the world have been discovered on remote frontiers.

Examples are the discovery of gold in California in 1849, in Australia in 1850, and the discoveries in the Klondike and the Rand. As soon as people began to inhabit those districts the rich gold deposits were found.

Now almost the entire globe is known to man. All save the polar regions have been explored, and every quarter of the globe has been prospected for gold.

Prospects of finding rich gold-fields in remote sections become dimmer every year. It is this picture which leads mining engineers to believe that a scarcity of gold may afflict the world within the next few decades.

At present the gold supply seems to be ample for preservation of the gold standard in Europe and America, with reasonable distribution. But efforts to put all Oriental countries on the gold standard would doubtless result in wide-spread disturbances.

THE stocks of monetary gold now in the hands of central banks and governments have reached the record total of $11,600,000,000, says *The Wall Street Journal*, using Federal Reserve figures. But the trouble is that almost all the increase has taken place in a group of nine countries, mostly creditor nations, which are still drawing gold from other countries, especially from a group of six nations which have lost more than half their gold supply in the last two years. So the great problem is "how to redistribute this gold equably."

Of course, this concentration of gold in the United States, France, and certain other countries is a bad thing, admits Mr. Dodge in his *Magazine of Wall Street* article, yet he thinks that there has been a good deal of free movement of gold during the year, and this lively movement is "an earnest of still more distribution, which, it seems inevitable, ultimately will bring about an adjustment, and the sort of balance which most benefits commerce and insures retention of the single, simple, standard."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

WHAT country more than England stirs the pulse of those who stem from there? Yet here is a strange confession from an outlander. It appears in "Africa." (Robinson & Co., Durban):

ENGLAND

By Ethel Campbell

The boat-train snorts and glides off fast,
Southampton's suburbs clatter past,
And here before our eyes at last
  Is England—dreamed of England!

"Home!" Tho we never saw before
This land that thrills us to the core,
Far-off our hearts have kept in store
  The thought—we share this England!

How swift the trains of England fly!
The green, contented fields rush by,
So amicably do they lie
  All side by side in England.

The rivers run between their banks,
They never surge with seething flanks.
The crops all grow in even ranks
  In peaceful, mellow England.

The landscape looks so trim and neat.
See! Villages with cobbled street,
And horses huge, with hairy feet,
  That pull the ploughs of England.

The people seem peculiar,
So modest—being who they are!
They've never worshipped from afar
  This wondrous Mother England!

We want to rush at them and cry,
"You live in England, don't you? Why
Not tell the Earth and tell the sky
  Your Country—yours—is England!"

At this they'd very slowly raise
Their eyebrows, *hearing in amaze*
That they should boast old England's praise,
  It isn't done in England.

Why reverence we, this spot far-isled
From land we've lived in from a child?
We'd rather have the bushveld wild
  Than any sward in England.

We do not love it half so well
As Africa, and yet we fell
Beneath some overpowering spell
  That thralls our hearts to England.

In souls of pioneers that came
To outposts, England pegged her claim
Long years ago, and still aflame
  Their children turn to England.

Famed land and fair, though aged and hoary
Where every nook contains a story
Which tells the bravery and glory
  Of England, peerless England!

Yet, somehow, strange as it may be,
It charms us most from oversea,
And England seems more near to be
  When we are far from England.

RECALLING our cover picture of December 3, this poem from the New York *Times* is a fitting accompaniment:

THE COVERED BRIDGE

By Anderson M. Scruggs

Some part of life becomes oblivion;
Something whose roots lie deep within the heart
Of simple folk is lost, as one by one,
These pioneers of other days depart.
Only the country folk, whose careless tread
Endears a dusty road, can ever know
The peaceful, clattering joy of rude planks spread
Above the drowsy creek that gleams below.

Here was a refuge from the sudden showers
That swept like moving music field and wood,
And here cool, tunneled dark when sultry hours
Danced with white feet beyond the bridge's hood—
Yet there are soulless men whose hand and brain
Tear down what time will never give again.

A TOUCHING ballad of the frustrate passion of youth in *Kaleidograph* (Dallas):

COUNTY FAIR

By Fay M. Yauger

I got me dressed for going down
  To Teague, the County Seat,
With half my savings on my back
  And half upon my feet.

My father said, "Be careful, son."
  My mother said, "Be good."
My sister said, "Bring me a ring
  The way a brother should."

The leaves were in the ditches
  And haze was on the ridge
The morning I stepped through our fence
  And crossed the trestle-bridge.

Oh, chimney-pots were smoking
  And flags were in the air
When I came heeling into Teague
  To see the County Fair.

I stopped a peddler-woman
  And bought a box of corn
That had a small tin bird inside
  For blowing like a horn.

I guessed at pebbles in a jar.
  And had my fortune told,
And learned that I would meet a girl
  That day and find her cold.

The cards were right for very soon
  I crowded through a swirl
Of people near a platform
  To watch a dancing-girl.

And sure I lost my senses
  Right there upon the street
From seeing how she tossed her hair
  And shook her little feet.

And, "Never will I take a wife
  To share my roof and bed
Or spend my gold unless it be
  This dancing-girl," I said.

But she—she looked me through and through
  When I had caught her glance
And said—"I think the hicks have come
  To clutter up our dance."

And then, "Get on, my fellow,
  And see the cattle-shows,"
She said, and snapped her finger-tips
  Just underneath my nose.

I got me from her curling mouth
  And from her scornful eyes,
And never stopped to ask if I
  Had won the guessing prize.

I cut the miles to home by half,
  Straight up a mountain-side,
And, "Hope to God I never see
  That girl again," I lied.

My father let me in at dusk;
  My mother looked distraught;
My sister lay all night and wept
  The ring I hadn't bought.

My father questioned me of mares;
  My mother spoke of lace;
But I had not a word for them—
  I'd only seen a face.

They tell me now I am no good
  For sending to a Fair
And do not know that only part
  Of me came back from there.

They do not know my hands are here,
  And here my heavy feet,
But that my heart is miles away—
  In Teague, the County Seat.

PERHAPS relativity will ease upon some of its difficulties if studied from the poet's standpoint. *The Atlantic Monthly* provides the opportunity:

EROS ON EINSTEIN

By Laurence Housman

Could we match pace with Time,
  All winds were still;
Morrows would come not; and the opening rose
  Would be a rose forever: and our eyes—
Like this—like this—stay looking face on face,
  Never to close!

Could we link hearts with Time—
  Our mating too
Were endless, and all life composed one kiss!
  And this soft breath, that falls to rise again,
Would keep its balm forever unwithdrawn;
  And we should lie all night—like this—like this!—
Wishing no light to come, no sound of dawn.

Could we as Time be swift,
  Eternal Now
Would hold us, warm and living in one beat
  Of his strong wing; and we, like this—like this!
In one spent motion, satisfied remain. . . .
  While on the racing wave, at upmost lift
Of storm-rent life, our bark would hang becalmed;
  And we, asleep, from deepest rest unroused,
Safe-housed, as in the grave,
  Would lie—like this;
Nor seek amiss, for waking eyes or brain
  To open and look out on life again.

Or if not swift as Time . . .
  Could we be slow—
Stand still and let Time go!
  And, as it vanished quite,
Regaining man's lost right,
  Leap, leap, O Heart's Delight,
From sense, and sound, and sight,
  Back to the bosom of eternal night!

HERE is the story of the first lovers told in a modern way. In the New York *American*:

SONG OF THE APPLE

By William Rose Benet

As Eve lay adreaming by Paradise Wall,
Came Michael the Angel and spoke of the Fall;
All for a pomegranate, all for a dove,
For an Apple of Ashes or an Apple of Love!

As Eve stood athinking in Paradise Grove,
Came the green, coiling Serpent and lisped of love;
All for a sly hiss, and all for a frown
On the face of vexed beauty, the Apple came down.

As Adam came walking—with a light in her eyes
And giddily talking and blushing surprise,
Said Eve to the Apple, "You Apple of Sorrow,
I think we'll make camp in the Desert tomorrow!"

And Adam fell eating—and then we may pass
Over hours the banded bee buzzed through the grass
While the mocking bird fluted and the shadows grew long
And Love became Slumber and Slumber a Song.

As our Mother and Father turned away from the Gate,
Adam strode like disaster, but Even counselled, "Wait!
It looks like a country of fruitage and mirth,
And I feel I'll have children to plenish the Earth!"

On the Cliff by the Fire, as they stared o'er the Plain
Where the stars stood as many as a field full of grain,
"Now will it," thought Eve, "be a Girl or a Boy?"
All for an Apple, O an Apple of Joy!

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CONTENTS

THE LITERARY DIGEST
for DECEMBER 24, 1932

VOLUME 114 NUMBER 26

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

TOPICS OF THE DAY

What the French Default Means to the World . . . 1
To Make Banking Safe for Depositors 3
Bad Times Bring Good Health 4
A Reducing Diet for Bureaucrats 5
The Beer Schooner Sailing a Stormy Sea . . 6
That Barbed Philippine Fish-hook 8
Topics in Brief 9

FOREIGN COMMENT

The Anglo-Persian Oil Flare-Up 10
Japan at Bay Before the League 11
Buttoning Up the Soviet Overcoat 12

LETTERS AND ART

Lawrence of Arabia Turns to Homer 13
The Cover 14
Men Fading Out of the Play 14
A Voice That Is Stilled 15
Opera as "Vitamin A" 15

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Effort for Mission Harmony Starts a New Battle 16
The "Queen of British Cathedrals" Restored . 17
Listening for Religion's Last Gasp 18
The Starry Message. Poem 18

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Lapses of Memory 19
Education by Movie 19
Cutting Off a "Bleeder's" Arm 20
First Aid: What Not to Do 20
$30,000,000 to Gasoline Bootleggers 21
Bonfires in Fireproof Buildings 22
Air-Conditioning as a Spur to Prosperity . . . 22
Seeing the Invisible 23
Keep Your Eyes Cool 23
Would You Be Fat? Take Insulin 23

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A Great Amateur Champion's Hardest Fight . 24
His Majesty the Jazz King Who Enjoys the Last Laugh 26
Kentucky's Ancient Minstrel Wanders Afar From His Folks 26
How Dots and Dashes Give Eyes to Blind Flyers 28

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

More Gold—and What It Means 29

CURRENT POETRY

England 30
The Covered Bridge 30
County Fair 30
Eros on Einstein 30
Song of the Apple 30

MISCELLANEOUS

The Spice of Life 32

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.60 a year; $3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

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LAWSUITS ALWAYS COST YOU MONEY AND WORRY

Know the Law—Protect Your Rights

HAVE YOU EVER felt the need, at times, for quick, dependable, authoritative legal advice and information when a lawyer was not readily available, or for knowledge of those fundamental legal principles that insure us protection of life, liberty and property?

Every day some question arises that a business man, whatever his business, must be able to answer. Among hundreds of such are:

What are the duties of seller and buyer in a sale? What happens when a person sells the same goods a second time? What are the rights and duties of partners—their rights in event of dissolution? Is a bankrupt exempt from arrest on civil process? What property is exempt from bankruptcy?

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Balm in Gilead.—"Don't you feel sad over the last rose of summer?"

"Not with oysters back."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mother Knows.—"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy-cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

His Little Slam.—WIFE—"So you think my new ball gown looks like the deuce?"

HUB—"In the card sense, my dear. The deuce, you know, is the lowest possible cut."—*Boston Transcript.*

Good Medicine.—"Jim will be in the hospital a long time."

"Why, have you seen the doctor?"

"No, the nurse"—*Red Cat.*

Pass the Tire Tape.—Fashion-paper head-line: "Strapless Lingerie Takes Firm Hold." (It had better.)—*Florida Times-Union.*

Glass Necking.—Kissing a girl is just like opening a bottle of olives—the first may come hard, but it's a cinch to get the rest.—*Ohio Green Goat.*

All Explained. — HE — "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

SHE—"Oh, John! How could you! This is lemon pie!"—*Carnegie Puppet.*

Origin of "Nom de Plume."—VISITOR—"And what's your name, my good man?"

PRISONER—"9742."

VISITOR—"Is that your real name?"

PRISONER—"Naw, dat's just me pen name."—*Iowa Frivol.*

Call an Ambulance.—"Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's had a relapse."—*Blue Bucket.*

Drat Those Prickles.—"What makes you so uneasy? Is your conscience troubling you?"

"No; it's my winter underwear."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Virtue Triumphed.—JUDGE (during an inquiry into a case of alleged bribery)—"You say you received £25 to vote Conservative and also received the same amount to vote Liberal?"

WITNESS—"Yes, my lord."

JUDGE—"And for whom did you vote at the finish?"

WITNESS (indignantly)—"I voted, my lord, according to my conscience."—*Answers.*

Baby Out of Luck.—"Ouch, Mummie, I hurt my toe!" cried small Janey, who was playing out in the garden.

"Which toe, dear?" I inquired, as I examined her foot.

"My youngest one," sobbed Janey.—*Parent's Magazine.*

Touch the Harp Gently.—
Here lies a young salesman named Phipps,
Who married on one of his trips,
A widow named Block,
Then died of the shock,
When he saw there were six little chips.
—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

"You need not creep like that, Harold. I know perfectly well what the time is."

—"The Humorist" (London).

Down to Soft Pan.—We know a banker's son who says he doesn't scratch matches on the bottom of his shoes any more because it tears his socks.—*Ohio Green Goat.*

Cuts Both Ways.—
If marriage makes two persons one,
It's obvious, said Morrill,
The maxim's wrong which says that it
Takes two to make a quarrel.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Sparks from the Iron Man.—Marshal von Hindenburg has preserved his Teutonic temper and his sense of humor. London *Public Opinion* furnishes this example:

INTERVIEWER: "What do you do, sir, when you get nervous?"

HINDENBURG: "I whistle."

INTERVIEWER: "But I never heard you whistle."

HINDENBURG: "Neither did I."—*Exchange.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Was the Worm Turning?—
HIS CHIN CALLED TOO LOOSE
When It Was Found He Could Drink
With It Around Neck
—*Head-lines in the New York Sun.*

Might Write Confession Stories.—
POOR
News editor and publicity writer, 22, university graduate, unreliable, wants responsible job.—*Ad in the Des Moines Register and Tribune.*

Music Critics Beware!—Wanted —to trade guitar for shotgun.—*Sumner (Ia.) Gazette.*

New Health Hint.—D. M De Vitt, seventy, is much improved after a fall in a bathtub last week.—*Fort Worth (Tex.) paper.*

Jolly Nice of Her.—Mrs. Elsie K.——, of Olean, entertained last evening in honor of her bother and his wife.—*Warren (Pa.) Times-Mirror.*

He Was Not Disappointed.—President Hoover: "I have fixt my faith upon the logical concussions of a thoughtful people."—*Tyler (Tex.) Daily Courier-Times.*

Oh, Yeah?—Rugs, clothing, and jewelry valued at more than $6,000 were taken by a burglar who broke into the home of Ross E. Wright at 737 South Hauser Boulevard yesterday, according to police.

See the "For Sale" columns of "Times" Classified Ads for bargains in all kinds of merchandise.—*Los Angeles Times.*

No Half-Portions for Us.—"Puppies cut in half $6.00."—*Sign in a Philadelphia pet-shop window.*

Traffic Mystery.—In October 11,769 passengers arrived at the quarantine stations on the California border in 41,935 automobiles.—*Los Angeles Times.*

How Habits Grow.—The fact that those we have served once return again, and recommend us to their friends, is a high indorsement of the service we render.

PELTON FUNERAL HOME
—*Ad in the Oshkosh Northwestern.*

Mars Hits Bottom.—
HELP WANTED—MALE
FORMER FOREIGN ARMY GENERAL
To sing, dance and wait on tables. Apply evenings. Mr. Zolt, Broadway Hofbrau, 165 West 45th.—*Ad in New York Times.*

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